

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XIX.—No. 477.

[REGISTERED AT THE  
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24th 1906.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.  
BY POST, 6½D.]



MISS ALICE HUGHES.

LADY CRANLEY.

52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## LANDOWNERS . . . . . . AND COTTAGES

IN the Journal of the Land Agents' Society for February a proposition is made which deserves careful consideration, even though it may be ultimately rejected. The writer, who evidently looks at the question with the eyes of an architect, has been studying the question of cheap cottages, and puts forward a solution of his own, but he begins by playing havoc with the conclusions arrived at by others. He says that he spent two days at Letchworth, and went carefully over every cottage in the exhibition. His verdict upon them is that "there is not a single example which a country landowner would be wise to adopt as an agricultural labourer's cottage either in the matter of planning or construction." He believes that this opinion is shared by most land agents having a practical and extensive knowledge of the subject. The exhibition cottages, he thinks, were mostly erected for week-end purposes, though even for those he considers they would be most inconvenient and uncomfortable, except, perhaps, in the height of summer, when people spend most of their time out of doors. His objections are that the workmanship and material are so rough and flimsy as to lead inevitably to a heavy bill for repairs, and he proposes a very practical test of the value of these cottages. This is that the improved loan companies should be asked for money for buildings similarly erected. He ends by congratulating the promoters of the exhibition on the leniency of the local Building Bye-laws, implying in no doubtful manner that many an Inspector of Nuisances would have made short work

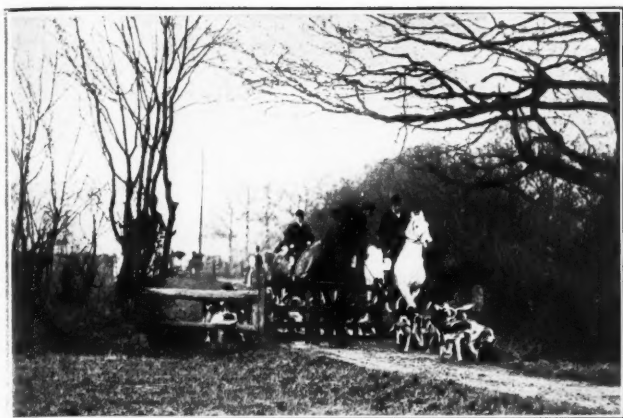
of a number of them. Further, he works out a bill to show that it is fallacious to call them £150 cottages. Taking the initial outlay as stated as £150, he would add the cost of carrying, say, 120 tons of material at £25 and the cost of gravel and sand at £10, while he would also add a business profit of 10 per cent., which would bring the total up to £215. But this is not all; water and sewage at the Cottage Exhibition were laid on, and no provision was made for ground work and fencing. He proposes to add £45 on these accounts, and this brings the total cost of the cottage up to £215. "I am confident," he concludes, "that most of our landed estates offices could have supplied the information, had they been asked to do so, as to how a labourer's cottage could be designed and constructed on infinitely superior lines to any specimen seen at the exhibition."

Turning to the cottages built by Lord Carrington, our critic has an objection of another kind to make. He does not dispute that they could be put up for £150 apiece, but considers that they do not provide the accommodation that a labourer in the present day rightly demands. Thus by a process of exhaustion he comes to the conclusion that the £150 cottage is a myth, and that £250, i.e., £500 a pair, would be nearer the mark, and he goes on to say "At the customary rents of agricultural cottages (1s. to 2s. a week), there can be no direct return for the outlay, though the provision for a certain number of cottages is a necessity for the maintenance of farm rents, and through that channel, the return, such as it is, is at present obtained." Under these circumstances it is interesting to enquire what is his way out of the difficulty. We very much fear that it is an impracticable one. He attributes the low rents to the connection between landlord and labourer, which he calls quasi-benevolent. That is to say, the low rent of cottages is traced to the system of payment in kind. There was a great scarcity of cash in the rural districts during the early part of last century, to go no further back, and the farmer virtually said to the labourer, "I cannot pay you high money wages, but in place thereof, you shall have a cottage at a nominal rent, the produce of the farm at its cost price, the feed of a cow in the meadows, and indirect help generally." But the tendency of the modern labourer has been to reply, "I would prefer money if you do not mind." Give me my full worth in wages, and I will look out for my own cow and my own potatoes, my own cottage and my affairs generally."

Now if this cheap cottage be thoroughly uncommercial, the only way out of the difficulty is to increase the labourer's wages and let him pay more for his cottage. Say that the average wage is 14s., he would raise it to 18s., and at the same time increase the rent from 1s. to 4s. When we remarked at the outset that the scheme was impracticable, we meant that it would be difficult to apply generally, but, as a matter of fact, we know an estate on which it has already been carried out. The owner has built pretty and commodious cottages for his workpeople, and for each cottage he charges half-a-crown more than the tenants used to pay for their inferior cottages, at the same time adding this sum to their wages. He is an excellent landlord, but at the same time an acute and even a celebrated business man, and the reason he gave to the present writer for the curious procedure was worth noting. He is constantly dispensing with labour by introducing the latest machinery, but, as he says, the houses are built to stand for several centuries, and if he let them at a low rent to his own people just now, he would find it difficult later on to secure a commercial rent for such of them as were let to strangers. Under other conditions it is by no means unusual to find a most glaring discrepancy between the rent agreed to by what old chronicles called the haggling of the market and the rent which the labourer paid. Indeed, the latter very often complains that the rich week-end raises the rent over his head. A clerk or tradesman going out from the town considers that he has got a cottage at a great bargain when he can rent it for £15 a year; in other words, he is ready to pay between five and six shillings a week where the labourer can only afford between one and two. The scheme proposed by the writer, therefore, might act well enough where a prospect existed of letting the cottages to other than labourers. But the landlord who lives far away from town cannot afford to take this into account. If he put up cottages, and charged 4s. additional in rent, while, on the other hand, he gave 4s. additional as wages, cottage-building would obviously be as unprofitable as it is now. On the other hand, if he asked the farmer to give this extra 4s., it is scarcely likely that he would meet with compliance as long as agriculture remains in its present condition. We cannot, therefore, say that a way out of the difficulty has yet been discovered.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Cranley. The wedding of Lady Cranley, who is a daughter of the Honourable Coplestone Bampfylde, to Lord Cranley, the eldest son of the Earl of Onslow, took place on Thursday, the 22nd inst.



## COUNTRY NOTES

THE passage in the King's Speech which has special reference to those connected with the landed interest runs as follows: "The social and economic conditions of the rural districts in Great Britain require careful consideration. Enquiries are proceeding as to the means by which a larger number of the population may be attracted to and retained on the soil, and they will be completed at no distant date." This accords with what we foreshadowed some time ago, and indeed follows logically upon the line consistently taken by Lord Carrington before he was appointed Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, and which he has emphasised since taking office. The course of procedure is the usual one. Enquiries are being made both from those who have conducted official or expert investigations into the social conditions which lead to the rural migration, and also of those who are actually engaged in the cultivation of the soil, either as tenants or otherwise.

It is obvious that the King's Speech points to legislation in two different directions. The first is a Small Holdings Bill. No other plan for retaining labourers on the soil has, as far as we know, been suggested, and this particular one has been advocated not only by the Minister of Agriculture, but by other members of the Government, and by many adherents of the Ministry who, without themselves holding an official position, are nevertheless qualified to say what steps are being meditated. We have to remember that the Conservative Party set an example in this respect, and that any measure adopted by the present Parliament must in the nature of the case be supplementary to the Chaplin Acts, passed during the administration of Lord Salisbury. No one, as far as we know, has disputed the principle on which Mr. Chaplin went, and the only reason that his Act has remained very nearly a dead letter is that sufficient facilities have not been offered for the acquisition of land by labourers. To increase these is therefore the only thing left for Lord Carrington to do; and without posing as a prophet, it is an easy task to predict the character of the coming measures.

The second line of action depends on the one already mentioned. Hitherto an insuperable obstacle to the formation of small holdings has lain in the difficulty of erecting suitable buildings. Suppose that an estate of 5,000 acres, divided into, say, ten moderate-sized farms, were to be cut up into a hundred or more small holdings. It is evident that a dwelling-house and outhouses for each new tenancy would have to be constructed. Many landowners are unable to lay out the amount of capital required. Here again they can receive help by legislation which has been already passed, but the complaint is that the aid is not adequate to the purpose. We may expect, however, that Lord Carrington will take some measure for the purpose of rendering the construction of cottages easier than it is at present. But there are two more obstacles of a formidable nature to be surmounted. One is the Building Bye-laws, which have cramped the erection of cottages in the rural districts. We hope that they will be thoroughly dealt with. The other obstacle is not so easily got over. It is that the price of material and the rate of wages have increased so enormously during recent years that it seems almost impossible to build cottages at a cost for which the usual rent would be anything like a moderate return. No doubt the difficulty might be got over to some extent by recasting the Building Bye-laws, and so enabling those who wish to put up cottages to make more

use of local material than is possible under present conditions. It will be noticed that all these aspects of the question are interdependent, and probably the best way of dealing with them would be by one comprehensive measure.

The report of the Labour Market for January, drawn up by the Board of Trade, is a fairly satisfactory one, the salient points of it being (1) that employment in January showed on the whole some improvement as compared with December; (2) that as compared with a year ago there was a general improvement in all the important industries, with the exception of the building trades, in which employment showed no change for the better. It would almost appear from this that building has been overdone of recent years. We know that a good deal of speculation has been connected with it, and perhaps it may take some time yet before the natural increase of the population is sufficient to come up with the over-production. With regard to agricultural labourers, we are told that they were generally in regular employment, and that day labourers in some districts had somewhat irregular work in consequence of the weather. It is significantly added that the supply of this latter class of labour was generally in excess of the demand.

### NATURE KINSHIP.

I am from of old,  
From the making of earth,  
I am mould of its mould,  
And birth of its birth,  
And its heat and its cold,  
And its weeping and mirth.  
The moon and the sun  
Are as flames in my blood,  
And the green rivers run  
Through my veins like a flood  
Of delight, I am one  
With the blade and the bud.  
The wind sings in me,  
And my pulses belong  
Where the deep places be,  
And the tide runneth strong—  
To the streams of the sea  
And the joy of its song.  
The rains wash me clean  
As a rose is washed sweet,  
Or as grass is made green  
With cool show'rs after heat,  
For I am, and have been  
Of the flow'rs at my feet.  
And my dust cannot die,  
As I was I shall be,  
I must ever be I,  
Though the being of me  
Be in grass springing high,  
Or the growth of a tree.

R. G. T. C.

At this time of the year, when the thought of flower seeds comes naturally into the mind, Lord Meath's suggestion that the bare streets in the town might be brightened and rendered more attractive by an extension of window gardening is very timely. He is chairman of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, and gives an interesting account of the work done by this body. It offered to make money grants for prizes to those who would be willing to arrange outdoor window-gardening competitions in poor districts. The result was highly gratifying, as last year there were no fewer than 250 entries for this competition, 70 of whom received prizes from the association. Lord Meath is quite justified in holding that the results of last year's experiment were sufficiently encouraging to warrant a repetition of the experiment in 1906. Outdoor window gardening is not only a pleasant art, in so far as it affords delight to those who engage in it, but it is the cause of delight to all who pass by. Anyone who has seen the difference between bare blank windows and those adorned with Nature's own decorations will willingly grant that the case made out by Lord Meath is a very good one.

The bacteriological report by Dr. A. C. Houston, published by the London County Council, is an important document. Admitting, as he does, that the quality of milk in London has much improved, he yet has no difficulty in showing that it still is very far from being satisfactory. The milk sold in the poorer quarters of London differs very essentially from that which comes from a healthy cow. It has often been suggested that some new form of inspection should be tried. Sufficient samples do not seem to be taken, nor are they collected in a manner that ensures a satisfactory test. If



sanitary inspectors would procure samples from the milk-cans that are very frequently left on the doorsteps in the morning, and therefore contain the milk exactly in the condition in which it is offered to the public, we have no hesitation in saying that the results would be astounding to the public. It cannot be said too emphatically that milk should be delivered pure to the consumer. The cases of adulteration at the dairy farm are of the rarest kind, and the farmer, as a rule that has few exceptions, gains nothing from the practices of those who add water or other substances to the milk. Dr. Murphy, the Medical Officer of Health, suggests that immediately after the milk is produced it should be reduced to a temperature of 50deg. Fahr., and in New York milk above this temperature is considered to be adulterated. We should like to see this step taken, and the importance of the question is evident from the fact that Dr. Houston assumes that the selling value of the annual yield of milk in the United Kingdom comes to over £114,000,000.

The list of our British fishes has just been extended by the addition of a new species of vendace obtained from Derwentwater. Hitherto it had been supposed that the vendace of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite lakes differed in no way from that found at Lochmaben in Dumfriesshire; but Mr. C. Tate Regan, of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, has shown that the one is really distinct from the other. The English fish, which he has named *Coregonus gracilior*, has a more elongate body, smaller head, shorter paired fins, and more branched rays in the dorsal fin. In colour it is bluish or olivaceous above, silvery on the sides and below, and has pale yellow fins. This description is based on five specimens recently received by the Museum. The genus *Coregonus* is represented by at least two other species in these islands—the fresh-water herring, or powan (*C. clupeioides*), of Loch Lomond, and the pollan (*C. pollan*) of the Irish lakes. Time may show that the guiniad, or guiniad, generally supposed to be identical with the powan, is also a distinct species—or, at least, sub-species.

So far the wiles of the angler avail nothing with our British *Coregonids*, which are almost invariably netted. Mr. Regan shows, however, that there is a record of the Cumberland vendace having been taken, once with a fly, and once with a worm. The powan appears to be greatly esteemed for food, and is in condition during August and September. The Irish pollan also makes a fairly regular appearance in the market. The supposed indifference of these fishes to the angler's baits may really be due to the fact that they frequent depths too considerable to be reached by rod and line, since they appear to rise into shallow water only for the purpose of spawning. To the student of evolution and geographical distribution, the existence of these isolated species, or sub-species, is a fact of great interest, for they appear to have been derived originally from the *Coregonus albus* of Northern Europe. Except locally, the vendace and its allies, from their secluded habits, are but little known. Izaak Walton in his day regarded the guiniad, for example, as a rare fish, and does not appear to have been aware of the existence either of the Scotch or Irish species. The latter, by the way, is remarkable for the shortness of the head and the depth of the body.

Ireland can claim so far the biggest salmon of the season caught on the fly, as Colonel Simpson killed a 45lb. fish in fine condition on that lovely river, the Blackwater, only last week. The Irish Rhine, the Irish Thames are epithets that have been frequently applied to this once famous salmon river, and none who have traversed it from Fermoy down to Lismore will dispute the beauty of which these terms are meant to convey an idea. Nets, unfair weirs, and unblushing poaching have lowered the rents of its waters; but it is cheering to note that the capture of such a "fush" is still possible, for one of this weight in Ireland is worthy of record on the same page as Lord Zetland's 55-pounder on the Tay some ten years ago, the capture of which aroused so much interest at the time.

Cruft's Dog Show this year broke its own previous record for number of entries by not less than 200, and contained one new class, well filled—the French bulldog class. These are of the small, bat-eared kind, with less under-hung countenances than the normal bulldog type. It is curious to compare the number of varieties of dog recognised now, especially in the classes for terriers, with the views of such writers as the author of "The Gentleman's Recreations," first published towards the end of the seventeenth century. It is his opinion that there is a good deal of affectation about the idea that there can be more than one kind of terrier, and even as lately as the date of publication of "Scott's British Field Sports," at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the recognised variety of dogs were very few, comparatively speaking. Scott enumerates about twenty, and among them "the terrier," as though he supposed this to be the special name of a single variety, though it is true that he finishes

off his list with "curs and mongrels in non-descript varieties innumerable." The truth is, no doubt, that we have now "described" these innumerable varieties of "cur" and "mongrel," which he then says were "non-descript," by selection have established them, and so have filled the long list of classes in a modern show.

We have before this had occasion to notice how Spain is laying herself out to become an attractive winter resort for Englishmen and the North of Europe generally. A great help in rendering any pleasure resort attractive to the Briton is some kind, even if not the highest class, of golf course. The English Princess who is about to marry under the best auspices the King of Spain, is herself a golfer, and this is a circumstance which may help still further in inducing the Spanish municipal authorities to provide facilities for golf in the neighbourhood of their most attractive and interesting towns. The traveller in Spain who is accustomed to less leisurely ways is rather apt to be exasperated by the delays of the Spanish railways, the nonchalance of the officials, and the slow rate of locomotion even of the so-called express trains. But it is to be remembered that the inclination of the people of the country, except for very short journeys, is towards travelling by night rather than by day, and that the arrangements of the service are made accordingly. Thus on the important line from Barcelona to Madrid, although the day service "express" reduces a Briton to a state of fury by its delays, the night service between the two places is sufficiently well done. The train running right down from Paris to Madrid—with connections at the frontier—and on certain days to Lisbon, called the Sud-Express, is good and comfortable both by day and night.

#### IN LINGAY FEN.

The quiet dusk draws o'er the plain:  
Long lines of silver dyke and drain  
Grow wan as veils of twilight fold  
The broad-armed mills that slowly strain  
In silence on the wold,  
The dreaming wold.

And little island knolls lie strown  
In that great sea of fen; and blown  
By many a storm the taper spires  
That soaring mark each ancient town,  
Whose scattered roofs and byres  
The sullen fires.

The fires of sundown touch with flame:  
And now, low-breathing night-winds clame  
The vastness of the fen, while high  
And starred through all its mighty frame  
The black arch of the sky  
Hangs silently.

A. T. C.

*Mutatis mutandis*, the state of the science of toxic drugs today has a curious analogy with its conditions in the Middle Ages, when poisoning was a fashionable way of ridding one's self of an inconvenient acquaintance. The public, as a rule, is not aware, but medical men know well, that science has now at her disposal drugs by which the death of a human being can be caused, and which defy all the attempts at analysis of which science is capable. Probably most of the drugs that the old Italian and French poisoners used would be quickly detected by a modern post-mortem examination; but the science of deadly drugs appears to have advanced faster than that of their analysis in the body which has assimilated them to its own destruction. Fortunately it is a science that is now in more reputable hands than in the days of the notorious (possibly the much-maligned) Borgias, and it is not presumptuous also to hope that our manners have become a little more gentle, so that the poisoner is certainly regarded now with social disfavour.

So much is heard about the iniquity of directors that one is glad to notice an example of high-minded conduct on the part of a member of this class. It occurred at a meeting of the principal shareholders of the *Echo* newspaper—a journal whose demise is very generally regretted, as at one time it filled a useful part of its own in the newspaper world. The last chairman was Mr. F. W. Pethick Lawrence, who had no legal responsibility for the trade debts incurred by the company; but he came to the conclusion that many of the goods supplied had been sent on account of his connection with the company. Under the circumstances he announced his intention of discharging in full, out of his own pocket, the debts for goods delivered and services rendered during his term as managing director. The sum amounted to several thousand pounds. This high-minded conduct on the part of a chairman of the company shows that the diatribes so freely directed against men who have to do with shares are frequently unjust. Men of honour and propriety are to be found in companies as well as elsewhere.



## HAMPSHIRE DOWN LAMBS.



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A FOLD OF TWINS AND THEIR MOTHERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THESE are few names better known in the history of sheep-breeding than that of Flower, which is inseparably connected with Chilmark. The farm is situated upon high ground about thirteen miles out of Salisbury, a city round which are many famous sheep farms. The country is a well-known and a very beautiful one. The formation is chalk, and, needless to say, although the Wylde and several other beautiful streams meander through the landscape, the soil itself is extremely dry and porous. As our readers know very well, the difficulty of procuring water is no slight one in this district, and there are many cottages in the neighbourhood which depend exclusively upon the supply of rain water. Indeed, some of the more economically minded have hit upon the happy plan of forming a tank for their water out of the pit from which the chalk has been excavated to build their white-walled mud cottages. This, however, has little or no bearing upon the question of lambs. Our picture will act as

a reminder that spring-time is now rapidly approaching. In a little while longer, mead and hedgerow will be gay with blossoms, and the frail little creatures shown in these photographs will have developed into strong and frolicsome younglings. It is, as we have said, an old herd, this of Chilmark, having been established as long ago as 1840 by the present owner's father, himself the son of a noted sheep-breeder in the district. The elder Mr. Flower had all the instincts of a fine flock-master, and was successful in getting together a splendid lot of ewes. He used to sell the draft ewes annually at Bridford Fair, where there was always a keen demand for them. On two occasions he sold a lot of 100 ewes for 70s. and 75s.—a great price in those days. The late Mr. Flower had a prejudice against breeding rams, and a favourite piece of advice that he used to address to his son was "Never go ram-breeding," counsel which, it is needless to say, has been disregarded of late years, Mr. Flower having, as a matter of fact, won many distinguished honours with his rams.



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FEEDING-TIME.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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## THE OVERHANGING SHELTER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

His father died in 1878, and he took over the business, which included a flock of Hampshire Downs. It was in splendid condition at the time, though not quite so numerous as it is to-day. He had, however, inherited to the full the taste and instinct of his father and grandfather, a fact to which the success of his flock in recent years bears eloquent witness. He has good cause to remember the first year in which he started in business for himself, because it is one that will ever remain a black one in the memory of agriculturists. It was 1879, a year which began that awful period of depression from which farmers have not yet made an escape. An old proverb tells us, however, that a bad beginning often makes a good ending, and by resolute skill Mr. Flower was enabled to pilot his flock through

the difficulties surrounding it. He had at least a beautiful holding on which to breed his sheep. It consisted of two farms rented from Lord Pembroke, and amounting altogether

to about 1,400 acres. On this he has at the moment of writing 1,000 ewes, 300 tegs, 40 rams, and a few wethers about twelve months old. The last-mentioned have a peculiar interest of their own, because they won for Mr. Flower a great victory at the Birmingham Fat Cattle Show, where his pen won the championship over all ages and breeds. At Smithfield, too, they carried off the honours, winning the first prize, Breed Cup, and reserve championship for shortwools, and were only beaten by the Southdown wether sheep of King Edward VII. Not very far from them are penned some magnificent specimens of



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## LEARNING TO FEND FOR THEMSELVES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and reserve championship for shortwools, and were only beaten by the Southdown wether sheep of King Edward VII. Not very far from them are penned some magnificent specimens of



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## WILTSHIRE HURDLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the breed in the shape of rams that were used at home, and those that were let out on hire at an average of about £81 for a month or six weeks. The financial side of sheep-breeding must always possess a strong interest for practical farmers, and a few facts about it may be acceptable. For example, taking the past three years together, the average price obtained for 100 ram lambs on August 12th has been exactly 20 guineas each. In 1900 100 draft ewes sold in lots of fives and tens averaged £5 12s. In 1903 100 draft ewes realised an average of £7 12s. These are facts which tend to show that sheep-breeding can be made remunerative, and for the flock-master's purpose we know of few breeds more suitable than that of the Hampshire Downs. It is hardy, and its quality has been greatly improved in Mr. Flower's herd, owing chiefly to the exposure of the land. Indeed, on such ground it would scarcely be possible to make a living were it not for sheep, and everything on the farm is subsidiary to the flock. Also, technically speaking, the place might be described as one of mixed husbandry, since a certain amount of corn and roots are grown; and Mr. Flower, who is a keen sporting man and a lover of horse-flesh, breeds his own horses. Of course, in catering for the flock of Hampshire Downs much greenstuff has to be raised, and large



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## FOLDED ON ROOTS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

breadths of kale, rape, turnips, and so forth are grown in rotation. The early-matured Down lambs have to be

generously dieted from the very first if they are to figure worthily in the early markets in the year, and in leed the excellence of the Hampshire Down mutton is, we feel sure, largely due to the care and solicitude taken with them during the first weeks of their lives. Mr. Flower pointed out an especial advantage in getting these folded sheep upon a porous chalk country. Its character prevents it from holding manure, or would do so if the sheep were not



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## CHAMPION WETHERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

there to tread the land and manure it at the same time. He described them as the most economical manure-carts

in existence. In regard to lambing itself, the pictures very nearly tell their own tale. A typical lambing pen covers between three and four acres. It faces the south, and is adequately sheltered by means of double hurdles with strands between to keep out the bitter winds. At the top thatched hurdles are fixed, and these have to be very firmly tied, or otherwise they would be blown away by the strong winds so often prevalent in these high quarters. The lambing time is looked forward to long before it occurs, and stacks of straw are so placed during the autumn that they at the same time afford a welcome shelter to the flock and enable the pens to be easily littered up when that is required. About 150 coops, each a hurdle square, are provided for twins and young lambs, and are so arranged that from whatever direction the wind may blow, some of them will provide the required shelter. We



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## HAYING THE EWES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



need scarcely say that on such a well-managed farm the utmost attention is paid to the sanitary arrangements. The lambing is not allowed to take place twice on the same ground, and a fresh site is provided each year. The most thorough cleanliness is exercised, and what may be called the hospital arrangements are complete in every way. When the lambing is over, and the young creatures have gained a little strength, access is given to an excellent piece of kale and hybrid turnips adjoining. In this the greatest pains are taken to ensure economy and the absence of waste. It has not been generally considered a very favourable season for lambing, and ewes are reported from many places as not doing well; but this will not apply to those which appear in our illustrations. It could scarcely be desired that they should be in better condition, and we are informed that the loss of ewes has been exceptionally light. They are well off for milk, and have produced quite enough twins to satisfy the owner, who is also highly pleased with their colour and general appearance. It should be added that the weather was not propitious to taking photographs. As a matter of fact, it rained incessantly during the whole of the process. Such is a brief outline of a celebrated flock of Hampshire Downs. Mr. Flower says that, when he took possession of it, he was for a long time dogged by the most persistent ill-luck. Nevertheless, he had formed an ideal in his mind of what such a flock should be, and set about its realisation very determinedly. The result in the end has proved to be all in his favour. At any rate, the tale told by the show-ring is one very flattering to the Chilmark flock.

## FROM THE FARMS.

### LIVESTOCK IN AUSTRALIA.

A BOOK which has been issued in Australia concerning livestock is of very high interest in Great Britain, "the stud farm of the world." In the course of one hundred years the livestock of Australia has multiplied to an enormous extent. A century ago it consisted only of the first consignment landed by Captain Phillip, viz., 1 bull, 4 cows, 1 calf, 1 stallion, 3 mares, 3 foals, 29 sheep, 12 pigs, and a few goats. At the census mentioned in this book it was shown that there were over 65,000,000 sheep in the Commonwealth, more than 7,500,000 cattle, 1,500,000 horses, and 1,000,000 pigs. The problem before the agriculturists there is to develop animals that will have heavier carcasses and more wool. At present no meat in the world is able to compare with that of the Mother Country, the explanation being that cultivation is nowhere so intense and close as it is here. But as the Australians pursue their policy of breeding mutton for export to England—a trade which is said to be still only in its infancy—they are bound to procure the very best animals in existence for the purposes of breeding and crossing. From time to time we have noticed, during the last two or three years, that the very best animals in the flocks and herds of Great Britain have been sold to Colonial farmers, and the demands of the latter seem to have every prospect of increasing. In sheep especially we may expect that they will seek for the pick of our Shropshire, Leicester, Lincoln, and Suffolk breeds, as these promise the best results to the butcher. We are told that the fancy of the Colonies at the present moment is more for Shropshires than any other sheep. The favourite cattle for the moment are Shorthorns and Herefords, which were used in founding Australian herds. In other parts of the paper we have on previous occasions dwelt on the tremendous development of horse-breeding, especially of thorough-breds, in Australia; but here they seem to be in the way of surpassing the Mother Country, and latterly some astonishing prices have been given for Australian horses imported into England.

### CATTLE-FEEDING IN WINTER.

A few days ago, the present writer was looking at a herd of cattle used for the production of milk and butter in winter. It has the merit, at all events, of yielding a handsome profit to the owner, and differs in this way from many similar herds. We remember talking the matter over with one of the most keen business men in London, and he said to ensure beautiful Jersey butter in midwinter he had carefully calculated that, with the cost of feeding and other expenses, it would have required a price of 2s. per pound to have barely met expenses. He had, in fact, come to the conclusion that the game was not worth the candle, and had given over the attempt to make butter in winter. It was the more interesting, therefore, to look over the arrangements of a herd by which this feat is accomplished. There was, as the owner smilingly assured us, no secret to disclose. He is a man who lives on the produce of his herd, and has made butter a much greater factor in his prosperity than is the case with his neighbours. What he insisted upon as regards feeding might be comprised in two points. The first was that which may be described as individuality—in other words, he paid no regard to the "rations" which many text-books give for

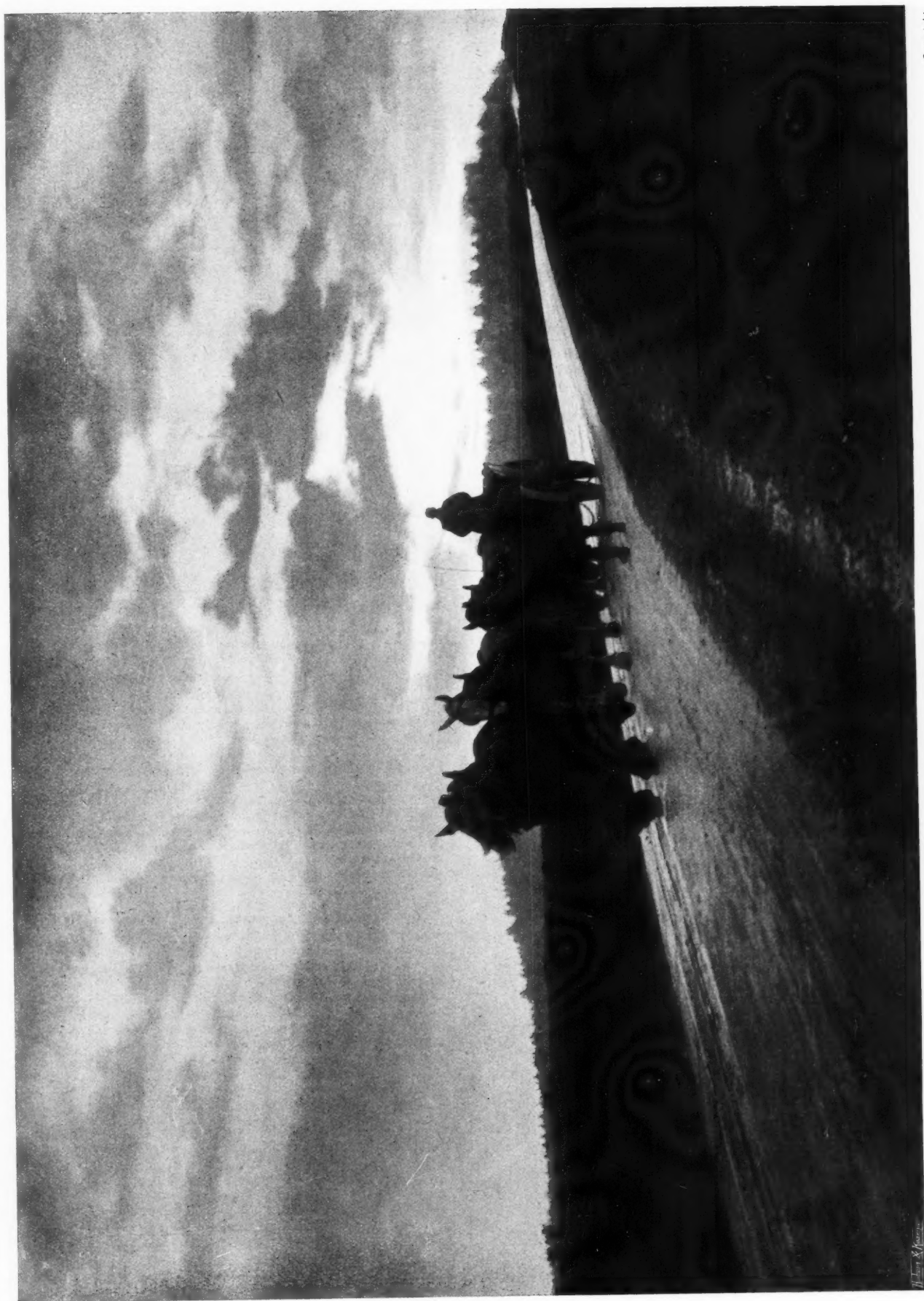
the cow. There was no such thing, he said, as the "average cow." Some eat more, and some eat less, nor did their eating bear any proportion that he could find out to the amount of milk they yielded. It necessitated the employment of a man who knew the idiosyncrasies of each cow, and gave her what he knew she would take, and nothing more. For feeding purposes he did not use grains, as he thought they had a prejudicial effect on the milk, but cake, with a fodder made by chaffing straw and hay. A quantity of the latter was placed in a rack, just above each cow, so that she could nibble at it if not satisfied by her ordinary meal, and what remained in the rack was turned into fodder. The place bears all the outward signs of prosperity; the buildings are by no means new, but they are kept in a state of sanitary cleanliness. Attention was given to the admission of plenty of fresh air, without draughts, and the farmer held that to keep a cow in health a certain amount of light was necessary for the winter months. All liquid sewage was carried off by means of a drain. The dairy itself, we need scarcely say, was a model of spotless cleanliness. This of course was a virtue in itself, but the farmer explained that he did not expect it to be its own reward. He had made a good circle of customers, and was in the habit of charging them somewhat more than market prices for butter; in return, he ensured that it would be of the very best quality, and of course made under conditions of the utmost cleanliness.

### FORESTRY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A correspondent who recently went out to the Transvaal sends us the following interesting account of tree-planting in the colony: "I was fortunate enough, after I got out here, to get into the Civil Service. My department is the Division of Forestry, and I think this is likely to be in the future one of the most useful, for South Africa, though quite suitable for growing many kinds of trees, is almost treeless, in consequence of the Boers having made it a practice for a generation past to cut all trees down for fuel; so now the country is practically denuded of trees. Our department import tree seeds from Japan, China, India, Mexico, Australia, Ceylon, Germany, Austria, France, England, Russia, Italy, and other countries. All these are first tested at our forest nurseries, of which there are eight in various parts of the Transvaal, and then, if they are found suitable, are sold out at cost price, or, in some cases, is-ued free to land-owners and farmers, and, as trees grow very quickly here, trees suitable for mining poles are fit for cutting down in about ten years, and some other kinds would yield very fair timber in twenty years; and, as a good deal of the land is not worth cultivating, but would grow good timber, it pays well to plant trees."

## REVELATIONS IN A WOOD.

THE wood is quiet; slight rustlings among the undergrowth and occasional quick bird-calls alone break the silence. It is late winter, and in the still air and warm sunshine the trees stand as if expectant, waiting for the spring. At first, as we enter, all seems bare and grey; the trees are leafless and the grass is brown. Yet let us wait and watch; the greyness is but seeming, and under the touch of sunrays a hundred unexpected glories spring into sight. The sun strikes upon gaunt tree trunks of oak and beech, and behold they are no longer grey, but green—a soft, distinct green of moss or lichen or mould, which clothes them even to the smaller branches, and which, were the trees in full leaf, would assuredly be hidden or pass unnoticed. Against this soft background stands a clump of young Spanish chestnuts, each branch and twig a deep red-brown, yet, where the sunlight falls, touched with a bluish tinge. Gleaming in splendid contrast to this sombre richness are those few leaves of golden brown which still hang in dejected clusters from the branches. On either side of the woodland path touches of vivid colour appear—a wild rose bush with its few remaining berries glowing orange red, a patch of green moss, of golden or grey white lichen, shining from among dead grass. Some bramble leaves against the light have turned a deep crimson, while others are green and green and brown, as if no hand of winter had touched them; yet, elsewhere, the dark earth, sodden with heavy rains, the glittering hoar-frost still lingering in shady places on leaf and twig, give evidence that the hand has been no light one. All around stretches a carpet of magic colours, fallen leaves, golden or dull brown, or, yet again, glowing like burnished copper or tinged with dark purplish hue. Among the oaks are sundry firs, their shape boldly defined, and the dark greenness of their needle clusters increased by contrast with their surroundings. Over the tree stumps and amid the moss and leaves the hardy ivy wanders—that small variety, the leaves of which are red and brown, with yellow veinings; while the larger kind, rampant among the higher branches, forms masses of glossy green, from which the sunlight is reflected with a clear whiteness. At the edge of the



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A HEAVY LOAD.

W. A. J. Henster.



wood stand some graceful silver birches, warm with colour, their bare, slender branches russet and purple, their slim trunks white and gleaming. Near by are some leathery larches, pale and dead, as if no warmth of spring could bring forth again one touch of green. A wondrous contrast! We turn to look again, and, as we leave the woods behind, note afresh the softness of the winter sky, blue without the depth of summer heaven; white clouds here, and there a greyer mass betokening coming rain, and, traced against the brightness, the clear-cut outline of each branch of bush and tree.

We have watched and waited; has our patience been in vain, or has Nature raised the veil before our eyes and shown herself in grave, sweet mood, with garb of soft richness? Is not the very depth and sombreness of this woodland colouring full of a quality which, because it must be sought for, satisfies; or must we wait till spring colours, by their very insistence, arrest our attention, or till the glory of summer is everywhere present? Nay, rather let us watch again, for if we cannot by our patience force Nature's hand, the veil will ever hang between her face and ours, and we shall lack for ever the power to see beyond.

## IN THE GARDEN.

SOWING SEEDS OF ANNUAL FLOWERS, AND GENERAL WORK.

**W**E are now approaching the busiest season of the year, when the annual flowers must be sown to give rich pictures of colour during the summer and autumn. It is astonishing what a wealth of beauty there is in this great group of hardy and half-hardy plants, and a garden newly made, without even a vestige of a perennial in it, may be a dream of flowers when a wise selection of annuals is made. Much improvement in them has taken place during recent years, and no season goes by without something of value being added to the list. It is quite time the order was sent in to ensure receiving the seeds at the right moment. Much of the success of annual flowers depends, as we have already pointed out, on sowing at the proper season, and not delaying it so that the plants fail to flower before the frosts. Prepare the ground at once where the seed is to be sown, and let this work be done when the weather is bright and dry. Sowing also should never take place either on a wet, damp, or close and sticky soil. It is also time to order the vegetable seeds required for the year, and to finish all planting of trees and shrubs. The mild winter has hastened vegetation into life, but we hope fairly sharp weather will intervene to check a too premature bursting of bud and flower. We know not the weather that is before us, but have unpleasant recollections of last spring, when a keen, withering wind blew for weeks to the discomfort of all life. It is always interesting to depart



AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF SHRUBS.



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EARLY FLOWERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

from well-worn paths, and in growing annual flowers select a few of the lesser known, which are quite as showy as those seen in every cottage garden. We append a list of a few kinds that may be tried.

### UNCOMMON ANNUAL FLOWERS.

The Hybrid Tobaccos may be given a trial. They should be raised from seed sown under glass, then transplanted to the places they are to occupy after all fear of frost is over. There are several colours—crimson, mauve, pink, white, rose, and violet—and the writer enjoys most the dark crimson, which shines out in the sunlight of a summer day. *Alonsoa unifolia*; *Anagallis grandiflora*, enjoys a sunny place, and belongs to the Pimpernel family; *Bartonia aurea*, brilliant yellow; *Cacalia coccinea* or the Tassel Flower, orange-scarlet; *Calandrinia grandiflora*, rose colour; the annual Bellflower (*Campanula attica*), violet—*Collinsia bicolor*, white and lilac; *Collomia coccinea*, orange-red; the salmon-coloured *Clarkia*; *Cosmos bipinnatus*; *Coreopsis Drummondii*, the flowers golden yellow and brown; *C. tinctoria*, also of similar shades; *Diascea Barberei*, half-hardy annual, coral pink flowers; *Eschscholtzia Mandarin*, orange, touched with a crimson shade; *Eutoca viscida*, blue—bees are fond of its flowers; *Godetia Duchess of Albany*, a pure white flower, very free—we enjoyed a large group of this last year, on a hot, exposed border; *Gypsophila elegans*, a beautiful little feathery white-flowered annual—it is not unlike the perennial which is sold so largely in the streets in summer; *Hebenstretia comosa*, a graceful annual, with white, orange-blotched flowers—the perfume is delicious in the evening; *Kaulfussia amelloides*, an annual for edging; its blue or crimson flowers—it may be had in two colours—are very bright; *Leptosyne Stillmani*, golden yellow, a most useful annual, especially for cutting; *Linum grandiflorum rubrum*, bright scarlet, a good bedding annual, because of its freedom and beautiful colour; *Layia elegans*, a pretty annual, with yellow flowers edged with white—it should be more often grown in small as well as large gardens; Stock-flowered Larkspurs, which may be obtained from Messrs. Sutton and Sons, are still uncommon, but the rosy scarlet, the blue, and the white should be in every garden for the purity and freshness of the colouring; *Linaria bipartita splendens*; *Lupinus Hartwegi*, azure blue, a pretty colour; the dark blue *Phacelia campanularia*; the crimson and salmon pink *Phlox Drummondii*, which is half hardy; *Platystemon californicus*, lemon yellow; *Portulacas*, for hot, dry border edge; the annual Scabious, in a variety of colours; and the purple and white *Venus's Looking-glass*.

### PRESERVING THE COLOURS OF PRESSED FLOWERS.

A correspondent writes to know the best way to preserve the colours of pressed flowers. It is not easy to give a general rule for this, as different kinds of flowers require different treatment; but the following general rules may be observed: Do not press a bunch of flowers together; spread them out so as to be clear of each other. If a branch of "May," for example, has to be dealt with, snip out half the flowers, and press them separately; then, if necessary, put them back after they are dry. In some flowers it is necessary to separate the petals and press them singly, and then put them back again, as in a red Poppy. Succulent flowers like Bluebells must not be pressed very hard at first, and the blotting-paper should be frequently changed and warmed, as they take a long time to dry; while Harebells can be pressed harder and



dry quicker. To get the flowers to look well requires much care and patience and constant attention; there is no short way of attaining it. It is better to press several specimens of the same flower, and then after they are dry to choose the best ones to stick on the paper. The best stuff to stick them down is cold French glue, bought in little bottles of the artists' colour-man; very strong gum will do. Stems and sticks should be held down with little slips of paper, and separate sheets of cartridge-paper are better for a botanical collection.

#### GROWING WATERCRESS.

Another correspondent is wishful for advice on growing Watercress. There are two ways of raising this. One is by sowing seed in spring, and the other is by division of the plant into slippings or cuttings, and inserting the same in the soil (or soil and mud) of the stream in which the Cress is to grow. The water must be let off whilst the slippings are being inserted, and the crop will succeed much better if some soil can be mixed with the mud at the time of planting, and the flavour of the Cress will be much improved. The slippings should be about 4 in. or 5 in. long, and inserted in the mud to the depth of 3 in., and made as firm as possible to prevent them floating when the water is again turned on, which may be as soon as the planting is finished. The cuttings should always be planted 10 in. apart. There are two varieties of Watercress, the dark-coloured and light green, and the former is usually preferred, as being of better flavour. The bundles sold by dealers in the ordinary way would suffice for cuttings. We do not recommend the raising of a stock from seed, as it takes a much longer time, and the plants are not always so satisfactory, the sorts raised being often much mixed and inferior in quality to those on the market. The seeds should be sown in shallow drills on a warm border about the middle of March, and as soon as the seedlings are large enough to handle they should be planted in a shady place, 5 in. apart, to gather size and strength, and planted in the stream towards the middle of May. The plants had better not be cut hard the first year, but afterwards the more they are cut the more they will spread. Planks must be used to stand on whilst planting is going on. Seeds may be obtained from any good seedsmen.

#### SPRING PLANTING OF ROSES.

The winter has been so exceptional that planting has been possible almost every day since autumn, and therefore we believe there will be very little spring planting this year. Whether this be so or not, the great spring month for planting—March—is at hand, and the same procedure must be followed as in the case of autumn planting. It must not, however, be forgotten that March is not *the* month for this work. October and November are the best months, and it is then that the strongest plants can be purchased at the nursery. It will be profitable, perhaps, to repeat the sound advice given by the National Rose Society in respect to the way Roses should be planted. In their excellent little guide it is mentioned: "Whenever it is possible Roses should be given a bed to themselves, in an open spot away from trees, and not planted amongst other flowers. A bed 3 ft. wide will hold two rows of plants, and one 4 ft. 6 in. wide three rows. The distance between the plants for dwarfs should be 18 in., and for standards about 2 ft. 6 in. The beds having been made ready, and the position of the Roses in them marked out, the next thing, and the most important of all, is to see that they are properly planted. Some of the plants should be carefully removed from the trench where they had been heeled in, and brought to the side of the bed they are intended to occupy. A mat should always be thrown over them to keep their roots from drying by exposure to sun or wind. A hole should then be dug about a foot square, and of sufficient depth, in the case of dwarf (or 'bush') Roses, to allow the junction of the stock and scion to be about 1 in. below the surface of the bed when the operation is completed. In the case of standards the hole should be 6 in. deep. A plant should then be taken from beneath the mat, sprinkled with water, and held with the left hand in the centre of the hole, while with the right the roots are spread out horizontally and evenly in it, taking care that the roots cross each other as little as possible. Some of the finest soil available should next be sprinkled over the roots so as to cover them. Over this light covering place 3 in. more soil, which may then be trodden in and the hole filled up. Tread the soil firmly round the plant when this has been done. Firm planting is very necessary for the future well-being of the Roses."

## AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER.

A WELL-KNOWN poet has apostrophised the stars as the poetry of heaven; and may it not be said of the rivers that they are the poetry of earth. For they have their sound in music, and their coming is of beauty, and their passing of dreams. They are the lyrics, and the epics which Nature breathes into the ear that listens in her lovely places. And they have to the full that air of mystery, and suggestion, of things far off and incommunicable, which has never

found its equivalent in words. Soundless footsteps through the golden meadows, voices of terror among the lonely hills, gliding phantoms beneath the pale moonlight, they exercise a spell which is the stronger because it is indefinable. And a river is Nature's allegory of the life of man, with its infant laughter as it springs a tiny rill among the hills, its deeper music as it winds along the valleys, its halting footsteps as it nears the sea. And whether you stand at its source, or meet it in the pride of its strength and



W. Rawlings.

A NORFOLK CREEK.

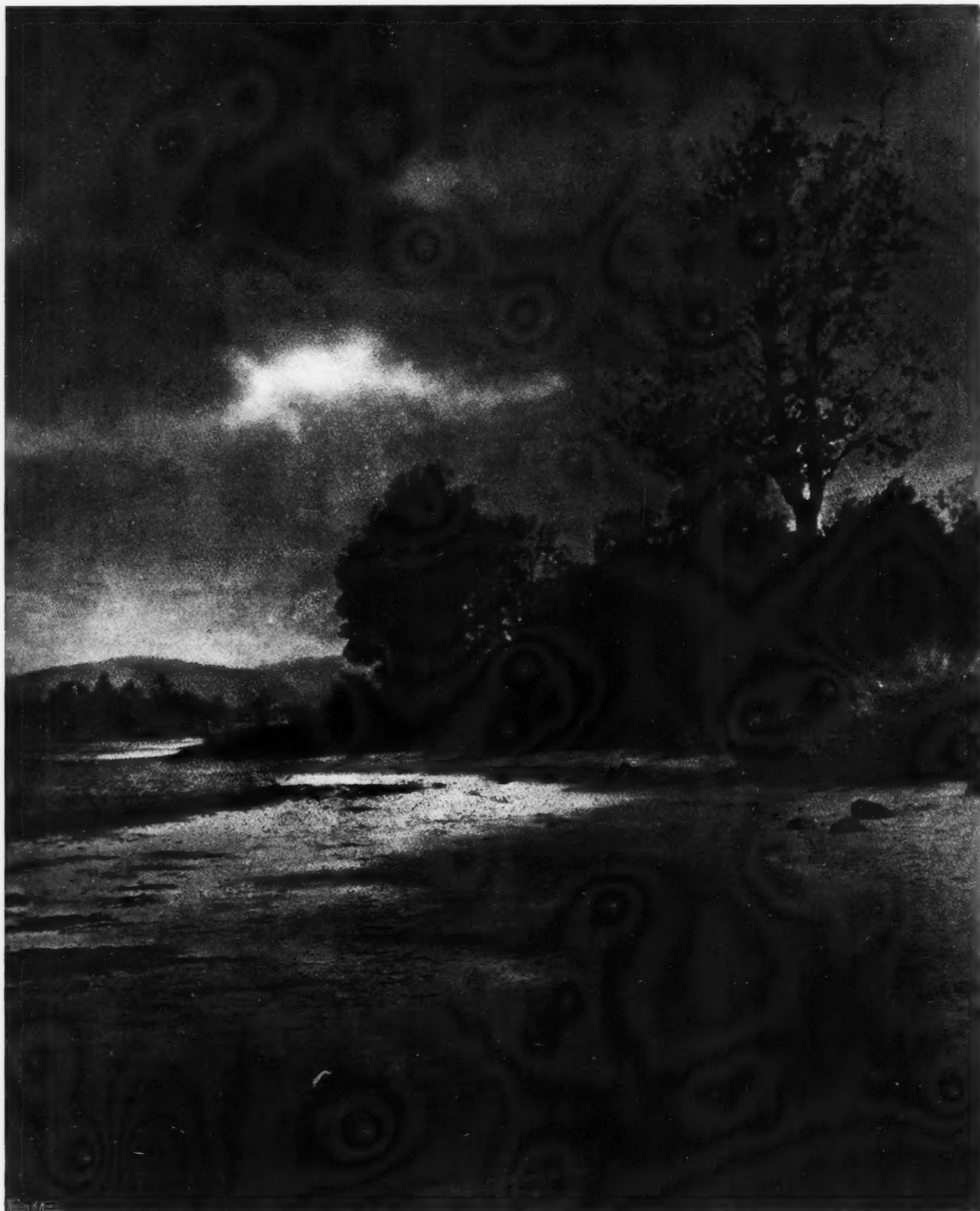
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beauty, or gaze across its broad deep estuary, it is ever a waker of imagination, a maker of music, a bringer of dreams.

A rose-red space of stream I see,  
Past banks of tender fern ;  
A radiant brook, unknown to me,  
Beyond its upper turn.  
The singing silver life I hear,  
Whose home is in the green  
Far-folded woods of fountains clear,  
Where I have never been.  
Ah, brook above the upper bend,  
I often long to stand,  
Where you in cool soft shades descend  
From the untrodden land.

These are the words of an Australian poet, and are addressed to a river of that country, but I know no poem that has given more beautiful expression to thoughts that must be common to how

many wanderers by our own fair English rivers ! It creates a spell of mystic and intangible loveliness which is the atmosphere of running waters. But it is not the lyrical note that I would strike to-day, but the deeper, sadder, fuller one of a life from which the golden illusions of youth have fallen away, of rivers that are near their rest. And there is no monotony about this note ; it is full of contrast ; as varied indeed as are the pathways that bring man's footsteps to the gate of death. There is the little mountain stream of happy Western isles, that—known only of its own fair hills, and some few wandering shepherds—slips unnoticed into the bosom of the deep, its passing like that of the lives of its own people—lonely, unheard of, unregarded. The wind is its requiem, and the silence its only mourner. And yet its passage, small and insignificant though it appear, touches a pathos wanting to the outflowing of larger streams. Here are no miles on miles of high mud-banks, no wide mud-flats ; clear and sweet comes the mountain stream to the lips of Ocean, tasting



W. H. Forster

AN AUSTRALIAN LAGOON.

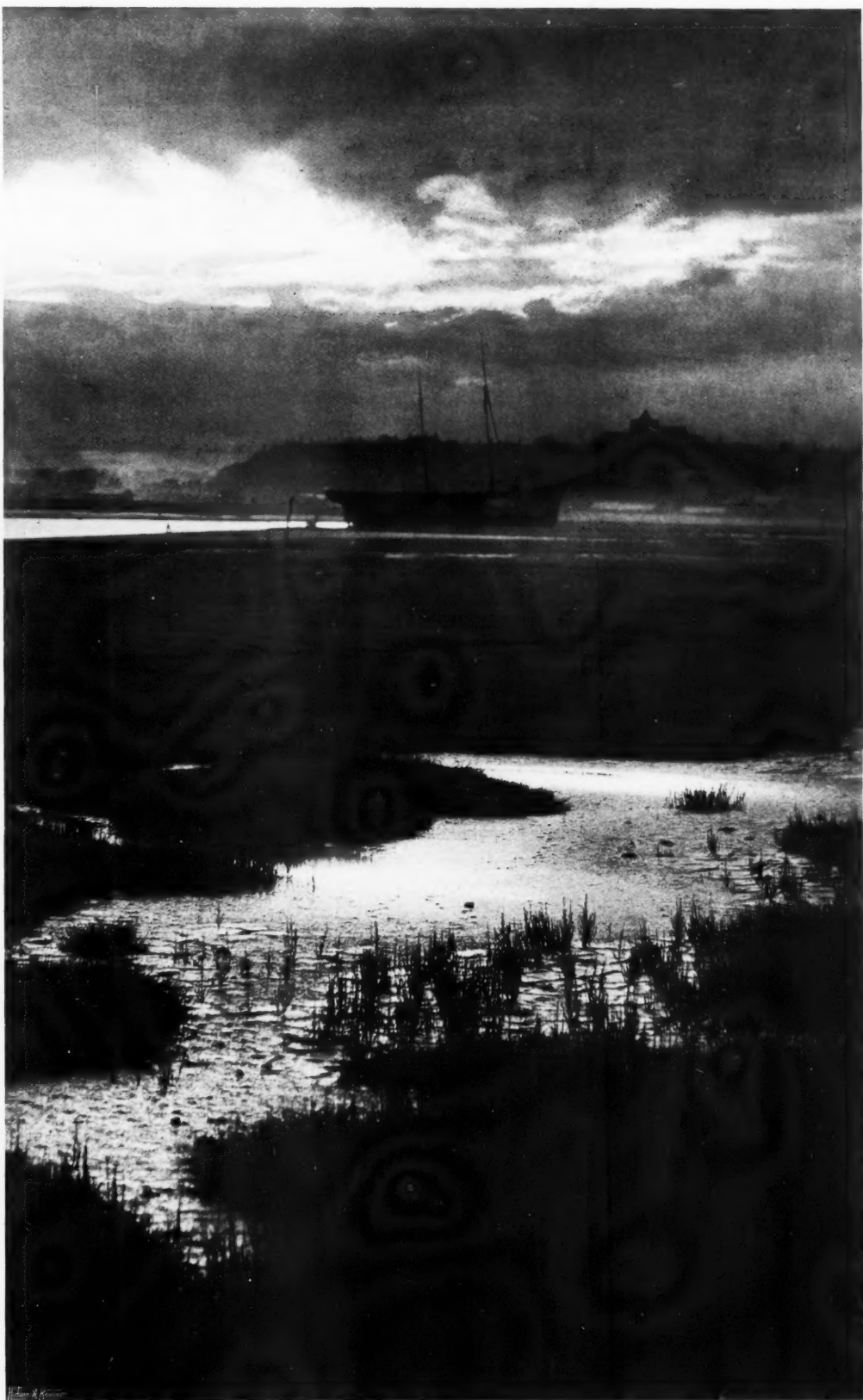
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of heather and faint wild thyme, pure as the soul of a child going out into Eternity. Again, there are the rivers of the far North which—scorning the muddy ways—leap from the sheer precipice into the deep fiords, passing with a sound of thunder, like the spirits of heroes on the battle-field. They seem to fall from the sky, these flaming cataracts, out of the mists of dreams. But it is not visions like these that the thought of a river's passing brings before our eyes. For we dwellers in the lowlands, children of the marsh and meadow, have accustomed our thoughts of a river's mouth to a widely different scene, and one that is lovely, or unlovely, as the tide ebbs or flows. And perhaps this is too final, because it is not the tide alone, but also the hand of man, that changes the scene at the mouth of many of our larger rivers. And unlike the tide, the changes wrought of man have never been for beauty, but for that which defaces and despoils. For it is at the mouths of the larger rivers that the cities of smoke and noise and uncleanness are built. It is here that the huge manufactory vomits its abominations into the waters that once mixed only with the azure tides of Ocean. It is here, in the immemorial haunts of Silence and Solitude, that Din and Riot have taken up their abode; where neither night nor day ceases the roar of the furnaces, the reverberations of steel striking on steel, the creaking of chains, the scream of the steamboat. For it is here, maybe, that the Leviathans of war are fashioned, whose thews and sinews are of steel, and whose bowels of flame. And yet even here there is a charm—less of the river itself, perhaps, than of the humanity that crowds upon its banks or plies upon its stream. For these are they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. Vessels of all kinds and conditions are here, voyagers from far Oceans, travellers along the highways of the world. And as with flapping sails some vessel ocean-bound drops down the tide, winged thoughts go with her to far-off happy isles, or haply to seek some face of loveliness that looks from "magic casements opening on the foam, Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn." And there

is poetry in the busy moving life, for through it all there runs a haunting note, a returning motif, heard above the roar and din of the inner ear alone, "The still sad music of humanity."

But I love most the slow deep flow of streams whose course is towards the rising sun, through leagues of marsh and fen. And though they seek the oceans of Dawn, I call them twilight streams, because their spell is of gloom and mystery and awe. Here loneliness is in love with loneliness, and melancholy with melancholy. The afterglow of sunset spreads enchantment over the wastes of fen and the dreaming waters. They look like the lost rivers of Faery, the waters of an older, sadder, forlorn world. A huge derelict looms black and threatening against the fading light; it is haunted, manned by the spirits of those who have followed some will-o'-the-wisp of beauty and despair. The silence is that of fear and hidden peril;



M. C. Cottam.

## SUNLIGHT ON THE MARSH.

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the wind is a long-drawn sigh. And far away there is the voice of the sea, calling ever calling. It is the abomination of desolation, and yet a spell of strange and subtle delight, a repellant yet all-compelling charm, a sense of beauty, but a beauty false, and sad, and perilous. And surely to these haunted fens come the unquiet spirits of those whom the winds and tides have urged on to the treacherous shifting sands that guard our Eastern Coasts, and whom the wandering fen fires have led astray. For here at the mouths of these rivers of marsh and slough an enchantress dwells, who has called—and not in vain—to kings and princes and captains and warriors:

I saw pale kings, and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;  
They cried—"La Belle Dame Sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall!"



But we have strayed far away from the little mountain stream, with its drop of dew upon the Ocean's lip, and yet as I write of it my thoughts go out to the rivers which I have never seen, the mighty rivers of the New World, whose estuaries are like the waters of a great inland sea. No charm of busy town or quiet landscape theirs, to those who gaze across their boundless floods, but the larger, grander beauty of the Infinite. And to think that far out in the bosom of the boundless Ocean itself their streams are still fresh and pure—a vein of rapture upon her heart, and a pulse of sweetness within her breast!

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### THE STONE PLOVER IN WINTER.

I WAS asked recently whether this bird, known also as the Norfolk plover, stone curlew, great plover, and thick-knee, is ever found in this country during the winter, my correspondent apparently having philosophic doubts on the point.

Although generally looked upon as one of our summer visitors, it is a fact that the stone plover does periodically occur in England during the winter months. This happens, apparently, only in Cornwall, where these birds have for generations been sparingly observed during that season. It is remarkable that in this corner of England this plover is to be found in winter and in winter only. Mr. Rodd, in his "Birds of Cornwall," states that the stone curlew had, so far as he could discover, never been known in that county during the summer season, though in the South



V. R. Woodhouse.

### IN FAR ROSS-SHIRE.

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and East of England it was well known as a summer migrant. During the hard frost in the early part of 1900, two of these birds were shot near Land's End. It is somewhat difficult to account for the appearance of this interesting bird in Cornwall during the winter season only. An ingenious explanation put forth by Mr. Rodd was the extremity of Cornwall in "the exact northern boundary of the area occupied by this species in its winter quarters." The explanation is ingenious if not quite convincing. The odd

fact, however, remains that our summer friend, the stone plover, does occasionally put in an appearance in Cornwall during the depth of winter, although apparently unknown in that county in the summer.

### THE SMEW.

I saw not long since, among some wildfowl shot by a shore gunner, a specimen of that curious bird the smew. It was an immature male, which had not attained the magnificent plumage of the adult drake, to my mind one of the gems, so far as mere outward appearance goes, of our British wildfowl. Who that has once had a good drake smew in his hand can ever forget its rare and singular beauty. How admirable is the intense, snowy whiteness of the neck, breast, and under parts, as well as of the crest, how striking are the black half-moons curving on either side from shoulder to breast. The black-green patch round the eyes, extending thence to the bill, the black upper colouring, and the greenish black patch at the back of the neck add distinction, and serve to show up in perfection the immaculate whiteness of the rest of the plumage. The smew drake always seems to me among the wildest of all our wildfowl; its appearance conjures up to my mind some of the rudest, bleakest, and most forbidding portions of sea and land, retiring as it does each spring to breed within the Arctic Circle, somewhere between Lapland and Behring Island.

### ROOKS AND GAME EGGS.

It seems impossible to deny that the rook is a much more determined poacher of eggs than he used to be. This can, no doubt, be accounted for by the fact that the facilities for stealing game eggs and enjoying a delicate repast have within the last fifty years been enormously increased. The rook, like the magpie, the jay, and the carrion and hoodie crows, has always been an egg-fancier, but the great increase of preservation, especially among pheasants and partridges, has, not unnaturally, tended to develop its opportunities in this direction. There is no moral code among birds, and where temptations have so inordinately increased the rook has not been slow to take advantage of them. In the South of Scotland some Border proprietors are inclined to put down the steady decline of black-game to the number of rooks which now infest the moors and work havoc among the eggs of these and other game. In the opinion of not a few gamekeepers and landowners the rook is, in fact, the worst and most determined poacher in the South of Scotland. The decline of black-game is, I believe, attributable to a variety of causes, but there can be little doubt that the egg-devouring rook has some share in this marked decrease, which all sportsmen and lovers of Nature must sincerely deplore. The rook, before game preservation on a large scale became the fashion in these islands, was looked upon as a comparatively harmless bird, which rendered a good deal of assistance to the farmer by devouring insects and larvae harmful to agriculture. But the vast increase of these birds in certain parts of the country, and the great development of their egg-devouring habit, are raising against them many enemies. It is not improbable that we may see a formidable campaign against the rook in many localities within the next ten years.



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### A BUSY HARBOUR.

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## CHANGES OF HABIT AMONG WILD BIRDS.

In the course of long ages Nature sees many changes in the habits of birds and beasts, wrought by new and unwonted conditions. The kea of New Zealand, a parrot-like bird, which in the last generation or two has become carnivorous, attacking the loins of sheep, apparently for the kidney fat, is a perfectly familiar instance of this development. The very latest example of a complete reversal of habit, induced by new and unfamiliar conditions, is that of the rhinoceros bird in East Africa. This bird—the *Bushaga erythrorhyncha* of scientists—so well known to hunters of big game, is a member of the great starling family, and has always been notable as a constant attendant on cattle and wild game. These animals it frequented for the purpose of devouring ticks and other insects, and by them its attentions were always received with toleration, and, indeed, with favour. The

cattle plague, which ravaged Africa from north to south some years ago, destroyed immense quantities of oxen and game animals, and the natural food supply of the rhinoceros bird became, in consequence, greatly restricted. This state of things necessitated, unfortunately, a change in the habits of the bird. It became carnivorous, bored holes in the backs and femoral regions of cattle, sheep, and goats, and often devoured the entire ears of the unfortunate creatures. These attacks, occurring in a hot climate, naturally enough caused much trouble and suffering to the animals attacked, and occasioned great loss. The birds have thus become the pests instead of the good friends of the domestic animals of East Africa, and are now hated by the colonists and natives. Various measures, protective and offensive, are directed against them, but hitherto without abating the nuisance thus suddenly set up.

H. A. B.

## ARMOUR-BEARING ANIMALS.

WHEN first mankind discovered the use of protective armour, he probably thought that he had invented something as novel as it was effective. As a matter of fact, his invention was not new at all, but merely a rough-and-ready copy of a protective device employed by Nature from time immemorial. For among animals we find examples of almost every kind of armour, ranging from the tough integument comparable to the shield of hide borne by the savage warrior, to veritable suits of mail, reminding us of those worn by knights during the fifteenth century. Indeed, we may even venture the assertion that certain kinds of animals, in the wonderful perfection of their armour plating, bear no inconsiderable resemblance to that marvel of protective ingenuity, the modern battleship, or to a weird, locomotive fort, such as Mr. H. G. Wells has described in one of his stories.

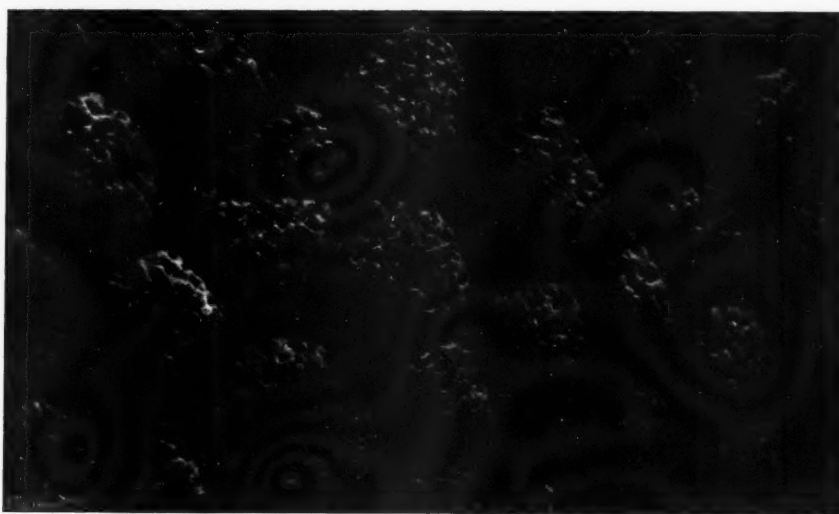
Among mammals we find that armour-bearing species are confined to the strange group *Edentata*; that is, if we disregard those creatures that are furnished merely with plates of thickened skin, such as the rhinoceros. The true armour-bearing mammals form two small families, namely, the pangolins of Southern Asia and Africa, and the armadillos of South America. The first of these, the pangolins, are among the strangest of all living animals. To describe them in words is by no means easy. Imagine a creature, almost lizard-like in outline, clad from head to tail in a suit of horny plates, like huge, thick finger-nails, overlapping one another as do tiles on the roof of a house. Its head terminates in a long, narrow snout, within which is its sticky, worm-like tongue, used with rapidity and effect when an ant-hill is raided. In walking it uses its fore limbs in a remarkable manner, going "upon the backs of its hands," as it were, and thus preserving



THE PANGOLIN'S PLATING.

its powerful claws uninjured. For not only is it a burrowing animal; it must also break open the hard exteriors of ants' nests, upon the inmates of which it feeds. If the reader has followed this description, he will have gained some idea of the appearance of a typical "scaly ant-eater," or pangolin. It must be added, however, that part of the head and the under portion of the body are unarmed; and this fact accounts for a habit of rolling itself into a rough ball (after the manner of the English hedgehog), which the pangolin exhibits on occasions of sudden alarm. In this posture its scales stand out somewhat; and as they terminate more or less in points, and have sharp edges, they are almost, if not quite, as forbidding as the hedgehog's spines. The origin and character of the pangolin's scales invite another comparison with the hedgehog. For just as the spines of our little native mammal are derived from hair—are, so to speak, compact masses of hardened hair drawn out to points—so, too, are the pangolin's scales of a definite hair-like character. The late Grant Allen humorously referred to them as "clotted curls"; nor would it be easy to find a better description, for they are actually thick masses of hair-like material—a mere modification, in fact,

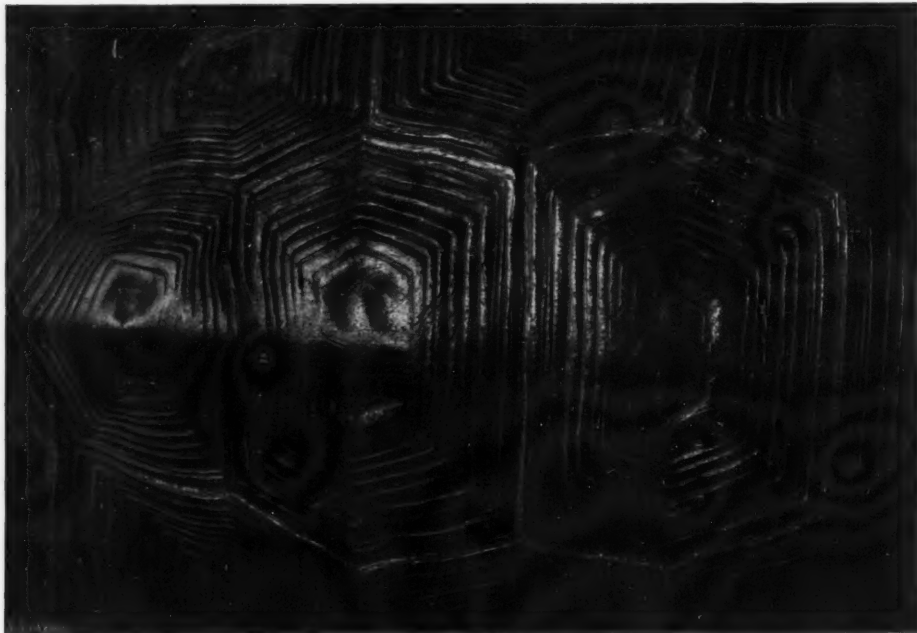
of hair as we know it in its more common aspect. With the armadillos of South America we approach armour of a quite different kind, despite the fact that the pangolins and the armadillos belong to the same order, and are alike eaters of ants and termites. The plates of armour have nothing to do with hair, nor with any part of the exo-skeleton, but are composed of bone material, deposited in the true skin in the shape of little shields, though each shield is itself covered with a horny plate developed in the outer skin, or epidermis. The actual arrangement of these bony plates varies very much in



FOSSIL OF GLYPTODON FROM BUENOS AYRES.



different species of armadillo. Sometimes, as in the case of the "three-banded" species, there are solid cuirasses above the shoulders and the loins, united by three jointed bands, from which the animal takes its name, and by means of which it is enabled to roll itself into a well-protected ball when danger threatens. For it must be remembered that the armour, broadly speaking, is confined to the dorsal surface; and in the event of hostile attack by a powerful adversary, the armadillo would soon



TORTOISE-SHELL.

be overcome were it not able, by a muscular contraction, to tuck in its head and limbs, and bring the edges of its protecting cuirasses almost together. Other typical examples of the armadillos are the Pichi and the Tatouay. In each of these the cuirasses on the shoulders and loins are reduced in size, while the number of jointed bands is increased, giving additional flexibility. The protecting armour is composed of true bone material. The dorsal surface is thoroughly protected—from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, in fact. When danger threatens, the legs are gathered up close to the ventral surface of the body, the back is bent by a muscular contraction until the edges of the cuirasses are brought almost together, while the armour plates upon the upper surfaces of the head and tail effectually guard the entrance to what has now become a living stronghold.

In passing, it is worth calling to mind the fact that both the pangolins and the armadillos are the last survivors of a very ancient stock. Abundant remains of the armadillo ancestry have been found in the rocks of the South American continent. To-day, the representatives of the family are all small animals, and there can be no doubt that they represent the dwindling remnants of a doomed race. They are, so to speak, creatures of yesterday, and they linger in our twentieth century world merely on sufferance. But of old time the armadillo folk were a dominant race, represented by numerous species and individuals of gigantic proportions. The Glyptodon, for example, is known to have been not less than 11 ft. in length; while the closely-related Chlamydothere was even larger, and would have rivalled in bulk our modern rhinoceros. These great beasts carried upon their backs huge armoured domes of bony plates, and must have been absolutely invulnerable. So, at least, one would imagine. Yet the Glyptodon and the Chlamydothere, besides many other equally well-protected creatures, have long ago perished from the earth, though in what manner their extinction was accomplished it is impossible to surmise. Indeed, the total disappearance of these prehistoric giants, many of which seemed capable of setting at defiance every conceivable form of hostile attack, constitutes, perhaps, the most mysterious problem of geological study.

At the present day, the most striking instance of a race of creatures almost universally protected by armour is, perhaps, the tortoises. Tortoises are, of course, reptiles; yet in what may be termed the "make up" of their armour they remind us not a little of the armadillos. For their shells, or carapaces, are formed mainly of bony plates, some of which are an outgrowth from, and actually welded to, the backbone and ribs, while others originate in the true skin, as we saw to be the case with the bony shields of the armadillos. The exterior of the carapace is covered with plates of horny material—the "tortoise-shell"—and these are not, as a rule, welded together. It is

noteworthy, too, that the lines formed by the apposition of their edges do not correspond with those which indicate the junctures of the bone foundation plates. This fact reveals to us the origin of the tortoise's armour—namely, that the foundation consists of true bone, an outgrowth, as it were, of the creature's skeleton; while the horny plates had their origin in the epidermis. It also lends support to the idea that tortoises and turtles trace their origin to the same ancient stock as crocodiles and alligators; for in the case of these latter reptiles we find above the more vulnerable parts of the body great horny shields in the skin, and beneath these well-developed plates of bone. It remained for the tortoises, however, to work out this idea to its logical conclusion, enlarging the scattered plates of armour until they covered the whole body and formed one strong box, into which the owner can withdraw its head and limbs, and lie in safe retreat from its would-be assailants.

To discuss in detail all the many forms of armour which have been developed in different groups of the animal kingdom would be to exceed the limits of a short article, for armour plating of one kind or another is Nature's most common protective device. In conclusion, therefore, we must glance at one or two invertebrate armour-bearing animals, selected almost at random from thousands of possible examples. Among insects armoured protection is very common, many kinds of beetles exhibiting it in the greatest perfection. Here, too, we find that armour becomes at times a type for "mimicry." That is to say, the appearance of hardness is possessed by

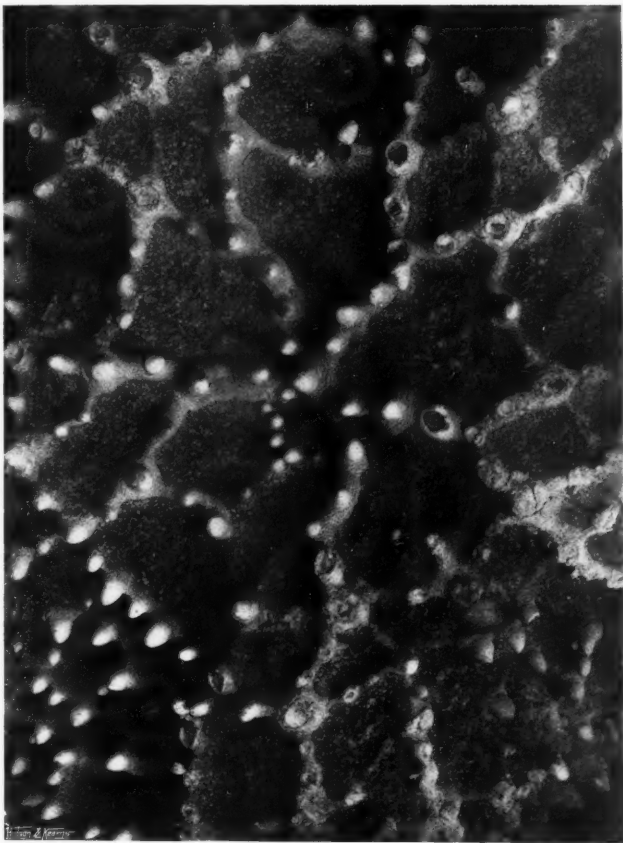
beetles that are in reality not hard at all. Armoured beetles are probably perfectly edible, but it is impossible for the majority of insectivorous birds to feed upon them, because their beaks are not strong enough to pierce the almost stone-like wing cases and thorax. The external appearance of many such beetles is accurately copied by others, the actual thickness of whose casing forms a quite inadequate protection. Such species, when compared in a cabinet, are scarcely distinguishable by the ordinary observer; yet the one specimen might be crushed between the finger and thumb, while the other would need a smart blow from a hammer to destroy it.

Lobsters and crabs are also capital types of armour-bearing animals. The former possess wonderful coats of mail, strangely suggestive of those devised and worn by human



CARAPACE OF TORTOISE UNDER SHELL.





BONY STUDS ON STARFISH'S SKIN.

warriors in the age of chivalry. They combine perfect security with ease of movement, owing to their jointed structure. Crabs, on the other hand, have pinned their faith to the strong-box type of protection, such as we saw to be fashionable among the tortoises. The manner in which crabs, when at rest, tuck their legs beneath them, so as to bring them under the shelter of the hard carapace, is very interesting; so, too, is their striking resemblance, when in this attitude, to a water-worn pebble, for the crab is one of those creatures upon whom Nature has conferred twin protective characteristics—it looks like the inedible objects by which it is generally surrounded, and is also fully armoured. We find a plausible explanation of this in the fact that certain large fishes, such as the cod, are in the habit of swallowing crabs, shell and all. Against such foes as these it is plain that the crustacean's armour is of no avail, whereas its protective resemblance probably stands it in good stead.

Star fishes, especially those of tropical seas—giants measuring from 15 in. to 20 in. across—show us a type of armour not unlike the tough, embossed shields characteristic of early warfare. Their integument is hardened by the presence of much calcareous matter, and studded with bosses of the same hard material. Among sea-urchins we find the strong box again predominating. True, many of these strange-looking creatures are amply supplied with sharp spines, which have earned for them the title of "sea-hedgehogs." But although these spines serve often the purpose of protection, their efficacy varies much in different forms; and as the greater number of the regular urchins progress chiefly by the aid of their spines, it is probable that their original use was ambulatory. The protective value of the wonderfully-constructed test, or shell, on the other hand, is beyond question.

As a final instance of armour-bearing animals, the great group Mollusca may be advanced. The ridged strength of such shells as those of the giant clams speaks for itself, and when we remember that the two valves are held together by muscles of almost invincible power, we realise in what a stronghold the owner of the shell resides. Fiction relates that incautious bathers in tropical seas have put their feet into the gaping valves of such shells, and have been held captive until drowned by the rising tide. Whether any such cases have a foundation in fact the writer is unable to say, but that the giant clam

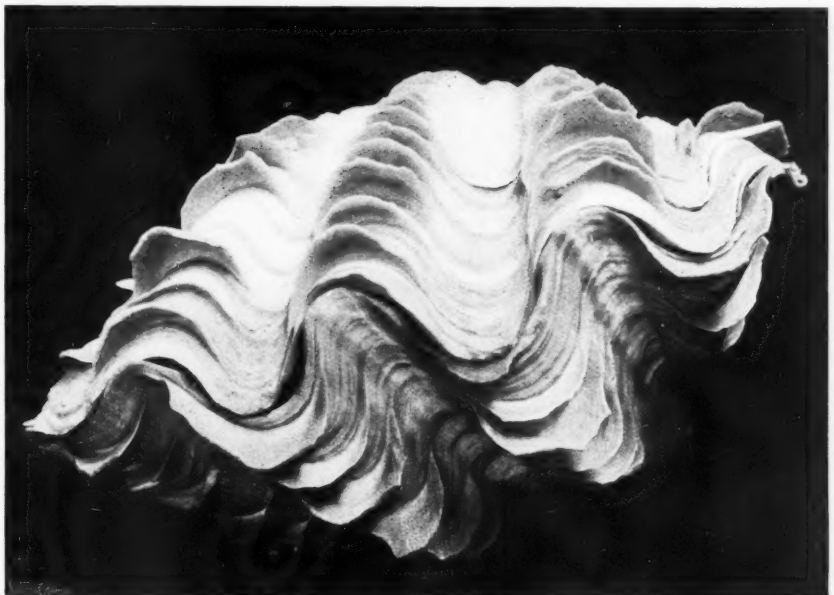
possesses the power necessary for the accomplishment of the grim feat is beyond question. Examples of *Tridacna gigas*, the largest known bivalve, have been found to measure more than a yard in length, and to turn the scale at 500 lb.

## THE DEVIL-BIRD.

MOST people who have visited the island of Ceylon and penetrated into its jungle fastnesses have heard the cry of this bird. This awe-inspiring sound resembles nothing so much as the scream of a human being undergoing the most terrible torture. Naturalists have identified it with the *Syrnium indrani*—a brown wood-owl found in Hindostan. But the devil-bird, or "ulama," as the Sinhalese call it, is an elusive creature, and no one has apparently had the good fortune to kill or catch a specimen. The Sinhalese—naturally a superstitious race—regard the cry of this bird with the utmost horror; they believe that its scream heard at night presages the most dire misfortune, and they are in the habit of offering sacrifices to avert the approaching disaster. The superstition is probably of very great antiquity; but Robert Knox, who was a prisoner in Ceylon for twenty years, about the middle of the seventeenth century, gives an interesting account of it, although it will be seen that in common with the natives he believed the cry proceeded from the devil himself! "This for certain I can affirm," he writes, "that oftentimes the devil doth cry with audible voice in the night; 'tis very shrill, almost like the barking of a dog; this I have often heard myself. Only this observation the inhabitants of the land have made of this voice, and I have made it also, that either just before or very suddenly after this voice, always the king cuts off people. To believe that this is the voice of the devil these reasons urge: because there is no creature known to the inhabitants that cries like it, and because it will on a sudden depart from one place and make a noise in another quicker than any fowl can fly, and because the very dogs will tremble and shake when they hear it, and 'tis so accounted by all the people."

Dr. Davy, who was in Ceylon in the early years of the last century, writes a description of the cry as follows: "A loud and hideous scream, conveying the idea of extreme distress . . . the harsh and horrid notes are supposed, like those of the screech-owl, to be of evil omen, and a prelude to death and misfortune. The bird—if it be a bird—is very rare, and I have not been able to get a tolerable account of it." The worthy doctor was evidently unwilling to be influenced by the prevailing superstition, and yet we cannot help thinking that he felt a good deal of doubt about the origin of the screams.

A more recent account, however, is given by Mr. Mitford of the Ceylon Civil Service, who affirmed that he had often heard the cry while at Kurunegala, where the bird haunted the rocky hill behind Government House. He had evidently studied the bird with great interest, at any rate, so far as its very elusive personality permitted. "Its ordinary note," he writes, "is a magnificent clear shout like that of a human being, and which can be heard at a great distance, and has a fine effect in the silence of the closing night. But the sounds which have earned for it its bad name, and which I have heard but once to perfection, are indescribable, the most appalling that can be imagined, and scarcely to be heard without shuddering. I can only compare it to a boy in torture, whose screams are being stopped by being strangled. I have offered rewards for a specimen, but without success." It is interesting to note that Mr. Mitford differed from other naturalists, inasmuch as he held that the bird was a podargus or night-hawk. It is said



RIDGED ARMOUR OF CLAM SHELL.

never to approach human dwellings, and its sudden and terrible screams might well convey to the traveller in a lonely jungle the firm conviction that a horrible murder was being committed. In India both men and women flee in terror from the sound, and believe, with the natives of Ceylon, that it is the harbinger of nebulous ills to themselves, their families, or village. Its mysterious habits and the extraordinary swiftness of its flight have doubtless done much to foster its evil reputation amongst a people already so steeped in superstition as the Sinhalese.

ISABEL CLARKE.



**T**HE park of Rothamsted lies in the village of Harpenden, within the ancient parish of Wheathampstead, on the road between St. Albans and Luton. A good service of trains has not yet made a suburb of Harpenden, although the semi-detached houses are spreading, and it remains one of the pleasantest villages in Hertfordshire, in spite of the factory industries which have sprung up. Wheathampstead and Harpenden both keep many open greens, of which Harpenden common is the largest. The land—chalk, clay, and gravel—goes up and down in hill and valley, and the tall trees and woodland are ever in sight.

The chief manor of Wheathampstead has been church land since Domesday, Edward the Confessor having granted it before his death to the abbot and convent of Westminster. Westminster holds it still, for when a dean and chapter first sat in the stalls of the abbot and his monks, Henry VIII. granted them Wheathampstead as the monks had held it. Dispossessed by the trustees of the parliament, the dean and chapter entered again at the restoration, and the manor is still held on their behalf. Harpenden, now a parish in itself, has its own history apart from the more famous Wheathampstead, of which it was a hamlet. It has its own ancient chapel, now a parish church of no great interest, seeing that it was rebuilt in the

mid-Victorian age save only its fifteenth century tower; a church with an old font and two brasses, but a poor neighbour of Wheathampstead church with its noble tombs and monuments. Rothamsted manor is westward of the great common of Harpenden, and has a long manorial history, which may begin with a "fine," whereby Henry Gubion, its lord, leased the manor with certain exceptions to one Richard of Merston, who was a tenant of Baldwin Wake. The exceptions are of the greatest interest, being, with eighty acres of land, the house and the chapel, and the garden, showing that as early as 1221 there was a manor house at Rothamsted. Henry Gubion, who had his seat here in his moated house, was probably a cousin of the Gubions, or Gobyons, great landlords in Bedfordshire and Leicestershire, of whom Hugh Gubion was in arms against King Henry III. with the rebel barons, and had his lands taken into the king's hands. Rothamsted, a knight's fee, remained with the Gubions for another generation, Henry Gubion being succeeded there by Simon Gubion. The Nowells followed the Gubions before the thirteenth century ended, holding Rothamsted manor with the manor of Saunceys, and in the fourteenth century were succeeded in their turn by the Cressys. The Cressys were here until 1525, in which year Edward Cressy died and Elizabeth, his daughter and heir,

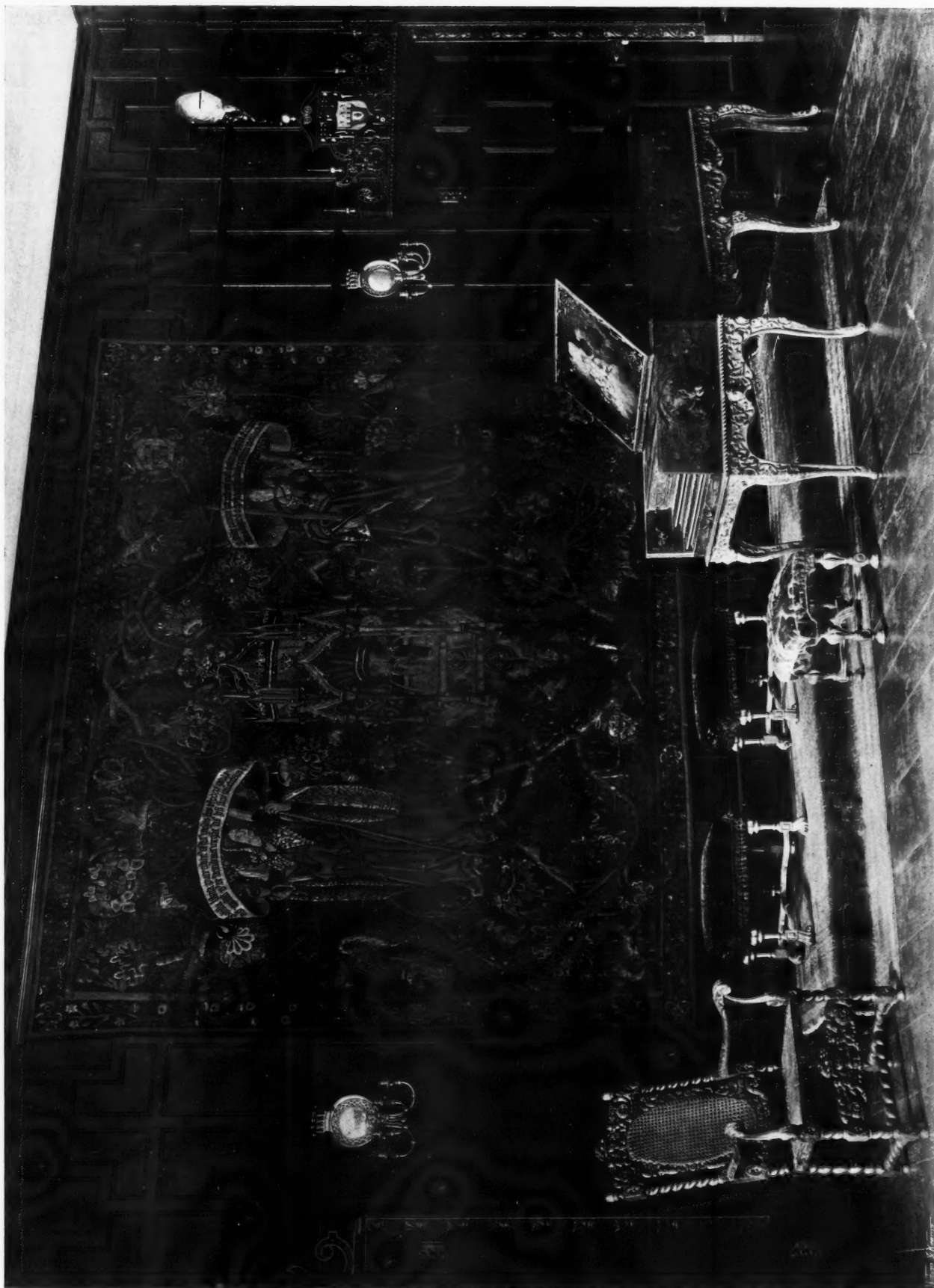


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FROM SOUTH-WEST.

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NORTH-WEST SIDE OF DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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inherited Rothamsted, which she carried to her husband, Edmund Bardolf. Not Rothamsted alone was held by the Bardolfs, a family of whose origin nothing is known, but whose arms show that they claimed kinship with the powerful lords Bardolf. The family of Hoo, whose chief seat was at Hoo in Luton, enjoyed lands in Wheathampstead and Harpenden from the thirteenth century. Their Harpenden estate was sold by Sir Thomas Hoo about 1405, and, passing through several hands, was added by Edmund Bardolf to his wife's lands. The Bardolfs, a squire's family allied to many great Hertfordshire houses, seem to have fallen through a spendthrift. When the heralds came to visit the county in 1634 Bardolf was no longer of Harpenden, Edward Bardolf, the head of the family, living in the parish of St. Michaels by St. Albans. His manor

of Rothamsted, already mortgaged for many years, was sold outright in 1623 with Hoo's manor, Sauncey manor, Claviles and Thames, and it is said that Edward Bardolf sank at last to beg his livelihood of the new lords of Rothamsted. The purchaser was the widow of a London citizen, one Jacob Wittewronge, or Wittewronghele, a strange name to which a most interesting family history attaches itself.

When Margaret of Parma's ruthless government in the Low Countries was thinning out those stubborn citizens whom her brother Philip had left in her orthodox hands, a certain Jaques Wittewronge, or Wittewronghele, of Ghent, being a Protestant and a Calvinist, fled from Ghent before the terrors of the Spanish inquisition. Like many of his fellows, he settled in London, and set about to maintain his wife and his







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two young children, Jacob and Abraham. The history of these adventurers is preserved for us by a memoir written by the exile's grandson in 1664, exactly one hundred years after the flight from Ghent. Sir John Wittewronge, the writer, had recovered nothing of the story of his family before their escape from the regent's claws, but he could at least assure his three beloved sons and three daughters that their great-grandfather was of no mean extraction, but a gentleman, "for I may speak it without vanity," sprung "from an honourable stock of such as are there termed *edel*, that is, gentle and noble," a man wearing a gold seal ring of the arms of his ancestors. In that "hot time of persecution," Jaques Wittewronghele "made shipwreck of his outward estate to preserve his inward

peace." He had snatched from the fire some small pittance of the good estate which must have been his in Ghent, for the Wittewrongheles were of a truth of an old house of citizen nobles of the Low Countries, and being a man still in the prime of life, he was not without other resources. He had been liberally educated, French and Flemish were in his mouth, and to these he had added Latin, Spanish, and Italian. London was full of the exiles and the merchant strangers, and amongst them he followed the calling of a public notary, his signature with the notarial flourishes being found on many documents of the period. Thus he made a shift to live comfortably. Two sons and four daughters were born after the household had been set up in London, making nine children in all if we reckon a little

daughter born and buried in Ghent. Of these only Jacob, the eldest, left male issue. About 1593 Jaques Wittewronge died in London. The last word of him is his grandson's description of his picture painted in 1574, that of "a lusty sanguine man withall and somewhat fatt and burly," a true Fleming's picture. Jacob Wittewronge, as the name soon settled itself in English documents, the eldest son of Jaques, was a Gantois by birth, being about six or seven years of age when he first saw London. His father would have bred him to learning, and put him to the free school of St. Albans, where a scholar exile, John Thomas Hylocomius from s'Hertogenbosch, was his teacher, the same who lies buried in the abbey church with a scholar's epitaph in Latin verse. From the free school he proceeded to matriculate at Oxford, but soon afterwards he left Magdalene college and his studies, coming to London to build up a greater fortune than his father had made by the notary's quill. The Flemings were then as now mighty drinkers of beer, and the brewers' guild was powerful and honourable amongst the guilds of Ghent since the days when the mighty Artaveld himself was

enrolled a citizen and brewer in their register book. Jacob Wittewronge may often have heard his fat and burly father lament the Ghent beer, which, with all else, he had left for the sake of pure religion, and Jaques Wittewronge must have marvelled that this mystery of beer-brewing was counted in London amongst the industries of small folk. And there were others of the strangers beside his father who could speak with him of good beer, so it came to pass that Jacob Wittewronge struck hands in partnership with another exile, one Matthias Otten, and together they set up the malthouses and vats of a great brewery in Grantham Lane, built upon the site of some small houses which they bought and pulled down, Jacob Wittewronge, after the fashion of the old citizens, living in a fair mansion house built beside the brewery. By the blessing of God, as his son relates, Jacob Wittewronge attained to a very considerable estate, although not one to be wondered at "considering the few who exercised that mystery within the city."

As "James Wittewronge the younger, from the domains of the King of Spain," he had a patent of naturalisation from

the crown in 1582. Marriage twice improved his fortune, his first wife being daughter and heir of Bernard Tielman, a gentleman with a good estate in London and in the duchy of Cleves, and a house and land in Walthamstow. He had no surviving son by her, and at her death he was married to Anna van Acker, "born in the noble city of Antwerp," the daughter of Mr. Gheraart van Acker, a merchant whose ancestors had thus translated their French surname into Flemish. Mynheer van Acker had been one of those who had fled the Spanish fury to England, but he had returned to die in Rotterdam, his daughter Anna coming thereafter to live with her elder sister, the wife of one of that exile family of Corsellis whose descendants are still found amongst us. From the word of this lady to her son James we have some detail of life at the mansion in Grantham Lane, where £1,000 yearly was made after all costs were paid, including the great expense of a bountiful house-keeping which accounted for three quarters of beef weekly, to say nothing of meaner meat. By the year 1619 Jacob Wittewronge could leave business for a country house which he had bought at West Ham, where he died in 1622, having an epitaph in the church describing him as one who supported the ministers of the Word, and honoured learned men—the Mæcenas of studious youth. His person also his son describes for us, and we note that where the scholar notary was fat and burly, the great brewer, who died of a "sore tedious fitt of the gout," was tall and slender. Of his three surviving daughters by his first wife, two were married to sons of Matthias Otten, his partner, and a third to Mr. Pieter Lennarts the younger, Mr. Pieter Lennarts the elder having married Jacob's sister Susan. His only surviving brother, Abraham, had married a daughter to a Paggen, also a Netherlandish brewer, so that the family was still Flemish amongst London



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ENTRANCE TO THE TAPESTRY-ROOM.

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Flemings. From this rut of inter-marriage they were diverted by Jacob Wittewronge's widow, who, the year after her husband's death, became the fourth wife of Sir Thomas Myddelton, knight, in his day a famous lord mayor of London. As three of his four marriages were with widows, nine marriages at least crowd round the name of Sir Thomas in his genealogy. Anna Wittewronge was still a young woman in 1623, and her new lord past the scriptural limit of man's years, wherefore the city made merry with naughty songs over its old lord mayor's fourth marriage, one at least of these ballads being handed down to our own days. But Sir Thomas was a kind stepfather to young James Wittewronge, whom he brought up from four years old "like his own child," planning a marriage for him amongst his own numerous family. Sir Thomas Myddelton died full of years in 1631. He is remembered as a great lord mayor and a merchant employed in high affairs of the state. His brother Sir Hugh's name is yet better known as that of the man who brought the New River to London, and another brother,

William, may also be held in memory, if not as a Welsh bard, at least as the commander of that pinnacle which came, "like a fluttered bird," to Flores in the Azores with the message which made Lord Thomas Howard weigh anchor whilst Sir Richard Grenville stayed in the Revenge for death and immortal honour. Sir Thomas bought Chirk Castle in Denbighshire, founding the Myddeltons of Chirk, and to his grand-daughter Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas of Chirk, a general for the Parliament, young John Wittewronge was married at Chirk Castle in 1638. She died in 1640 of the small-pox, when her husband married Elizabeth, daughter of Timothy Myddelton, another grand-daughter of old Sir Thomas. Before her marriage to old Sir Thomas the widow Wittewronge had bought Rothamsted for her only son, refacing and adding to the old brickwork of the Cressys and Bardolfs, and to this estate the son afterwards added Stanton Bury in Buckinghamshire. Thus he was well placed amongst the richer country squires, and in 1646 was knighted by his king. This young map of great possessions commanded the parliamentary forces in the district, and was honoured of both parties, being sheriff of Herts under the commonwealth, and having a baronet's patent in 1662, two years before he sat down to write his family memoirs, at which time he was a widower of a third wife. His Myddelton marriages brought two sons, who survived him at his death at Rothamsted in 1693. The elder son had the Stanton estate, with the baronetcy. The third baronet was colonel of Wittewronge's foot regiment. The wars in Flanders, in which this baronet fought, were no school of a regular life, and we may believe that when he died, in 1722, leaving a legacy to Mistress Bracegirdle, the actress, the estate of this elder branch of the Wittewronges had suffered in his adventures. The colonel's son and heir ended what his father had begun. A captain in

Nassau's regiment, we hear nothing of his doings in the field; but we do hear of his barbarously murdering a mountebank at Newport Pagnel in 1721, of his flight abroad therefor, and of his sale of Stanton Bury in 1727 to old Sarah of Marlborough. In 1743 he died in the Fleet prison of wounds taken in a drunken brawl, and his brother William became fifth baronet with no inheritance to support his new rank. The fifth baronet died governor of the poor knights of Windsor, and we hear something of a sixth baronet, a lieutenant of foot; but in 1771 the elder line of the Wittewronges came to an end. The younger line was already gone. James Wittewronge, who had Rothamsted for his portion, was a barrister and recorder of St. Albans. He married three times, and out of his many children left a son to succeed him at Rothamsted, where the last male descendant of Jaques Wittewronge the exile died in 1763.

A daughter of the recorder of St. Albans had married Thomas Bennet, and her grandson John Bennet was heir



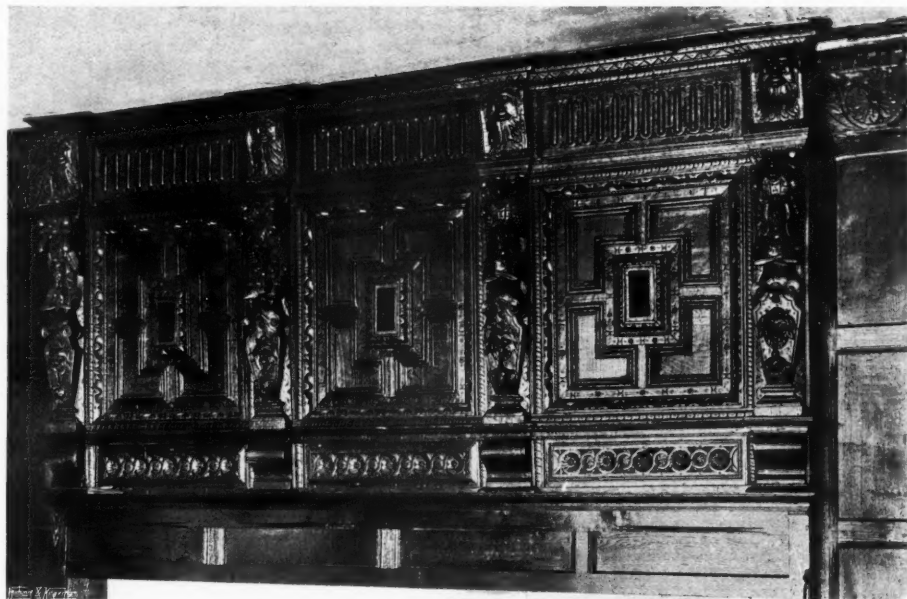
under the will of the last Wittewronge. For three-and-twenty years Thomas Bennet was squire of Rothamsted, and on his widow's death in 1801 John Bennet Lawes, son of his sister Mary, succeeded to the estate. This John Bennet Lawes was father of that great Englishman Sir John Bennet Lawes, whose work at Rothamsted will be another chapter of our history of the house, and grandfather of Sir Charles Lawes, the present lord of Rothamsted, who has taken as an additional surname that of his Wittewronge ancestors.

### ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.

WE cordially welcome "English Domestic Architecture of the XVII. and XVIII. Centuries," by Horace Field and Michael Bunney (London: George Bell and Sons, 1905). If it only serves to point out how much interesting work there is in this country worthy of preservation, but in danger of destruction, partly from

ignorance of its value, partly in order to substitute more "up-to-date" buildings, it will have performed a very useful purpose. It is extraordinary how in England year after year good examples of ancient architectural work are recklessly destroyed, in spite of the protests of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and similar bodies. Much is done through ignorance. The idea prevails that a seventeenth century building cannot be of any value. Yet possibly some of the most interest-

ing of our existing houses are of this period. Any book, therefore, which calls attention to these buildings, and emphasises their importance as part of the history of the country, is of value; and if the book is well done, as this book is, the value is much increased. One hundred and eighteen plates of examples of this phase of architecture cannot fail, even if only regarded as a catalogue, to have a distinct value. But the book is not a catalogue, for it by no means exhausts the subject. The majority of the instances it gives are taken from Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, and Somersetshire; but few are taken from East Anglia, and hardly any from the North—Lancashire or



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OVER CHIMNEY-PIECE, BROWN ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE TAPESTRY-ROOM AT ROTHAMSTED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Yorkshire. Yet it is not that these districts are wanting in examples; possibly they have some of the best. The building of the sole remaining relic of the Palace of Whitehall, the banqueting-house, by Inigo Jones, is said by the authors to mark the first complete break with the old English tradition in architecture. But the tradition lingered well on into the eighteenth century, and even in out-of-the-way places into the nineteenth, so rooted were the English to English ideas. The book is a chronicle of this lingering of the old ideals. The authors say that the growth of English architecture was prematurely arrested by the false taste that led to the classic revival as it was understood in the middle of the eighteenth century, which suppressed in domestic buildings in England the traditional constructive English features, such as the dormer and chimney-stack. We are not prepared to accept this view; still less are we convinced that it is desirable that the old traditions should be revived and reinvigorated, in spite of the authors' plea that the illustrations to this book afford a strong argument for the suitability of the style for modern work. The requirements of a modern house are so different

instance, the chimney-stacks were plain, as far as possible, regular, and part of the wholescheme of the house, instead of, as formerly, being elaborate and irregular, without regard to plan or design. This was one of the results of the desire to save money. Another was the necessity of using local materials, and any ornamentation that was allowed had to be brought about by the use of such materials as were at hand; hence came the divisions which the authors adopt—stone-built houses for districts such as Gloucestershire, where stone was abundant; brick built for East Anglia, where there was no stone, but where bricks were made in the locality; and the plaster-fronted houses in districts where neither brick nor stone was readily available. Each of these divisions was worked out by local men, and local characteristics were imported into them; hence the great importance of preserving as many examples as possible, in order to show what could be done in the way of local development by the different local workers.

The stone division stretches across the country from Gloucestershire to Lincolnshire. The authors say that here, in the Early Renaissance houses, the window mullions, strings,



Copyright.

ROTHAMSTED: SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

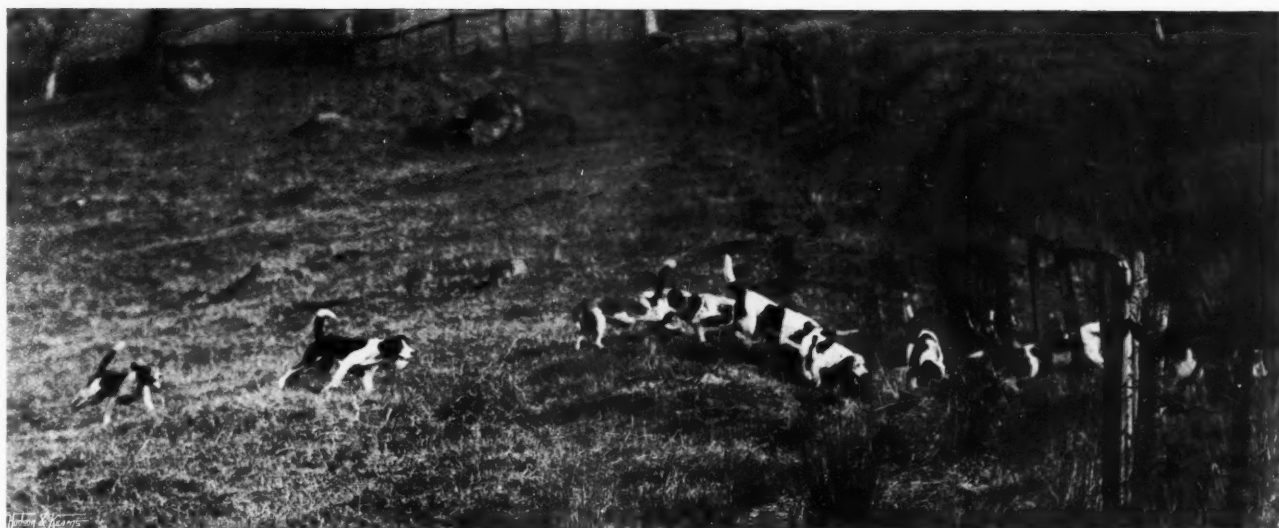
from those of the eighteenth century that it is quite possible that the modern building really requires a style of its own. For instance, the square-headed mullion would hardly be the most suitable form of window for the modern craze of open-air cures. Surely the constructive genius of our architects has not sunk so low that they cannot give us a style of building suitable to our mode of living. We think that hardly enough is made by the authors of the break in building that was caused by the Civil Wars. A very large percentage of the landowners were seriously crippled by their losses, and had no money to spend in building. Houses had to be repaired, but only absolutely necessary repairs were done, and those as cheaply as possible. The local builder got more of the work than the great architect.

Another cause must have had its effect on the building of the inferior class of house between 1660 and 1688—the duty on fireplaces. The hearth-money probably went far to alter the plan of the house, and efforts to evade it led to a decrease in the great features of the older house chimneys. As little ornament as possible, and as few hearths as possible, were the conditions under which houses had to be built, and these conditions must have produced an effect upon the style of architecture; for

plinths, and jamb-mouldings are very similar to the work in the last Gothic phase. The survival of the mullions is said, and doubtless truly, to have depended on the survival of the stonemason's trade; when that went, the mullions could not be repaired, so they were replaced by the double-hung sash. This is, however, only a partial explanation; the stone mullion would last longer than the sash, would be cheaper to repair, and the eighteenth, and also the nineteenth, century landlord would oppose new-fangled ways that cost him money; hence the life of the mullion.

In the brick houses the new material required new designs, and it is therefore in the brick houses that the distinctive ideas of the time are mostly to be found. An instance of this is given by the authors in the Beaufort Dower House in the Castle of Monmouth, which is dated 1675. It would be a very interesting work to trace the history of the development of the stone ornaments to the brick houses. A good deal of material exists for doing this, for the builders of the period were proud of their work, and usually added a stone with a date. Not one of the least deplorable incidents in the modern restoration of these old houses when they are allowed to survive is the removal of the dated stone.





Copyright.

"LIKE WILDFIRE THE BEAUTIES WENT STREAMING AWAY."

"COUNTRY LIFE."

As in the eighteenth century the middle class got rich, so more was spent on their houses. In many of the country towns houses still remain which were inhabited by the smaller country gentleman who only dwelt in his country house in summer, or the rich trader who had made a fortune in business and continued to reside in the town. The interiors of some of these houses show that the owners were not wanting in taste; the staircases, the cornices, the panelled rooms, the ceilings all show that the owners, although possibly not educated up to our ideas, yet "had glimmerings."

Besides the ordinary dwelling-house, there are other classes of buildings which are often in danger of the destroyer, but which deserve to be preserved as good examples of their time, such as almshouses, schoolhouses, and public buildings. Almshouses are very often some of the most representative instances of the style of their day that have survived; witness those figured on page 64 from Burneston in Yorkshire. Some schools are good. There was then no Board of Education to say that all beauty in building was to be sacrificed to class-rooms and marching space, hence we had buildings such as the school at Warminster (Plate XXX.); Town Halls such as that at Amersham on Plate LVIII., built in 1682, and described by Browne Willis as "very neat."

Several illustrations are given of a class of work that seems destined to disappear—the old brass and iron work on doors and windows. Some brass door-handles at Carshalton, figured on page 55, would not disgrace even a modern artistic dwelling.

One use of a book such as this is in recording for us what we are losing. We have to thank the authors for a very interesting book, and one proceeding on lines which, in our opinion, might be usefully followed up—the effect of the course of current history on architecture, especially on domestic architecture.

## O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

ON Wednesday one of the most remarkable runs of the season took place in the West Somersetshire country. Hounds met at Monksilver, and after drawing some coverts above the village were taken on past Mr. Notley's beautiful old house of Combe Sydenham to Pond Wood. Not far from the end of these coverts was the fox. In a few minutes the hunt was up on the snow-clad heights above Nettlecombe, and for the whole of the four hours' run which followed the pack was never off the snow. On the Brendon Hills there was 6in. of snow; but these were comparatively easy to ride over, though whenever a road was crossed the going was terribly bad and horses slipped about. Rabbit holes, cart ruts, and boggy places were all hidden, and a very nasty place at the bottom of a slope stopped several of the field. The fox did not at first run very straight, and this was as well, for it was difficult in a country which is at all times rough to maintain touch with the pack in such unusual conditions. However, the Master, the Hunt servants, Mrs. Ashman, Mr. Newbury, and one or two more managed to keep more or less with hounds. Once a blinding blizzard swept over the hills, and for a time hounds were lost to sight; but the Master, Mrs. Ashman, and another hit them off luckily as they hunted beautifully up in the road. The huntsman's horse was nearly done, and he was for the moment left behind, but, taking a horse from one of the whippers-in, he came up in the nick of time. A clever cast hit off the line afresh, and the hunt was up again. At this time there were possibly two lines, but hounds kept together, and drove the traveller—for such, no doubt, he was—deep into the Tiverton country. The station at Venn Cross marked the furthest point reached, which was about ten miles as the crow flies from the start. The fox had twisted about a good deal at first, and an immense extent of country was covered. Hounds were now running well, with a long start of the small field, and Charles Back, the second whipper-in, made the best of his light weight, and kept close to the hounds. The huntsman, the Master, Mr. Newbury, Mr. Hill, and one or two more were all within hail. Of course, in a neighbouring country, at such a distance from our starting-point, the earths were open, and a beaten fox just deprived hounds of the blood they so richly deserved by crawling



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WORKING THE LINE OUT DOWN A HEDGEROW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

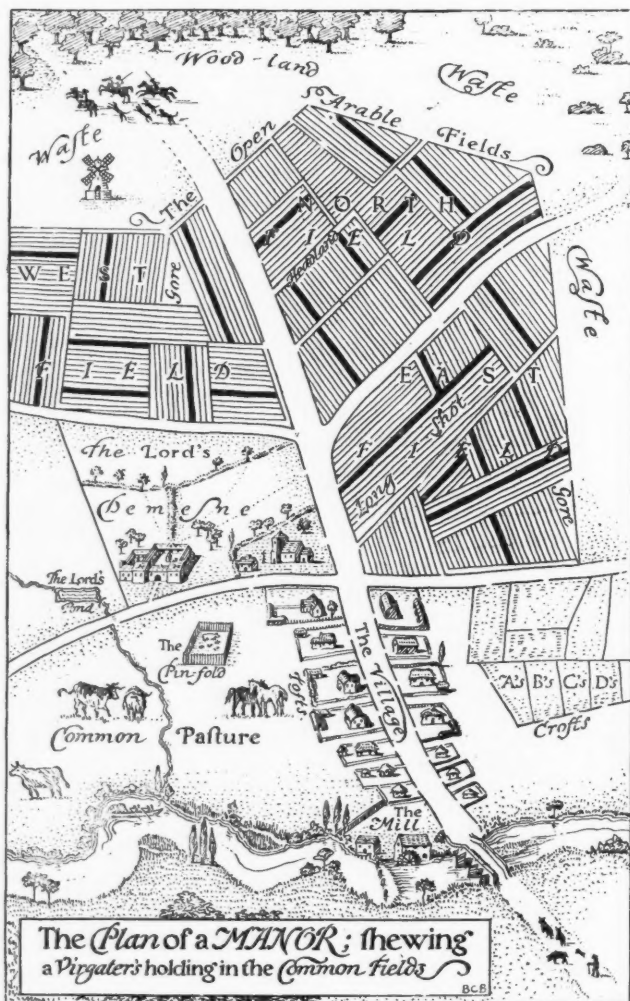
into an earth. It was a splendid hound run. This pack had been out on the previous Monday, and the same hounds hunted practically without a pause for four hours on Wednesday, and went home, as one who rode with them on their journey to kennel witnesses, with their sterns up. It was a hard and difficult day for horses. The ground was sometimes rotten with half-melted snow, sometimes greasy with melting ice, and the grass slopes of the hills were positively perilous. In all my experience, I can recollect no hunt so long, and at times so fast, which was carried out entirely on a surface of half-frozen snow.

Friday was indeed a memorable day in the shires, for the frost and snow had all but gone, and the Quorn hounds, after meeting at Ashby Folville, enjoyed one of the best runs of the season. The beautiful little wood known as Ashby Pastures was drawn. The pack settled to work at once, and the field were able to ride their best without fear of pressing on the hounds. It was a galloping country, not level, but with that delightful alternation of slope and valley which enables us to ride to hounds with the advantage of having from time to time the panorama of the chase spread out below. In this way many a turn can be anticipated, and the horse saved. It needs a very good horse to live over Leicestershire for more than twenty minutes. The ridge and furrow and the fences, needing a big effort, tell a tale on the best after half-an-hour has passed; but the slopes give a chance for a timely pull, and the whole country gives a chance to a horseman. To return to the hounds—they were still running on over the cream of the Cottesmore. The Punchbowl was left behind. On the left is Ranksborough on its dark hill. The vale rides well here and the fences are plain sailing, and Orton Park Wood is ahead up the slope under the covert. Hounds are straining. Probably they changed foxes here, and it was slow henceforward as they worked on to Barleythorpe. The whole time was something under an hour and a-half, the point somewhere about nine miles. The pack hunted well, and have a huntsman that knows how to settle their doubts for them ere they begin to hesitate. What a useful and rare gift is that of an eye to hounds running, when the huntsman sees that hounds are wavering and cheers, or holds them forward at the right moment, so that there is no check. Half the first-rate runs are made by the huntsman encouraging hounds just at the critical moment. But how few of us are near enough to note these triumphs of the science of the chase.

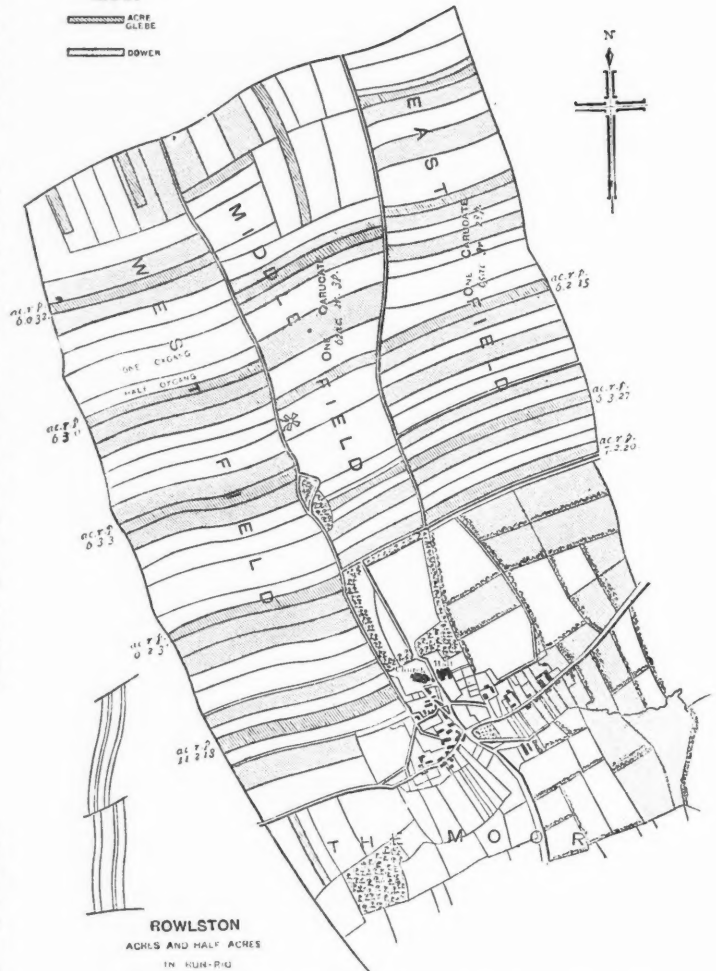
X.

## THE OLD MANOR.

TO those connected with the law few subjects possess a more enthralling interest than the old manorial system. In it lies the foundation of many cherished institutions, and it has had much to do with the formation of the national character, while up and down the whole length of the law survivals of it cannot fail to be noticed even by those who are not professed antiquarians. Yet it is



## BURTON AGNES. 1809.

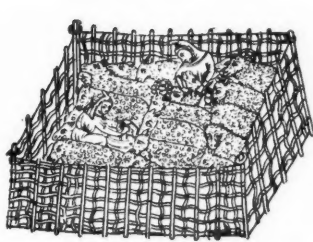


## BEFORE ENCLOSURE OF COMMON FIELDS.

surprising how few are the traditions handed down of it *viva voce*. When the present writer was a child, he lived near a village which, for the present purpose, may be named Turnham. Not far from it are two farms, called respectively Turnham West Field and Turnham East Field. They answer to the East Field and West Field of Burton Agnes, as shown in the map dated 1809 which Mr. Nathaniel J. Hone has reproduced in "The Manor and Manorial Records" (Methuen: The Antiquary's Books). No doubt the steading sprang up when the open-field system was discontinued. There is a place called Turnham Moor, which appears to have been the waste of the manor, and was, no doubt, enclosed about the same time. Turnham Manor is now only a name given to a farm steading lying among fertile acres of arable and pasture, with no suggestion of waste or wildness. Close to the village are the acre and half-acre allotments given as recompense when the enclosure of the common deprived the inhabitant of the right of pasturage. It was a change that proved fatal to the village. My memory of it as a child was of a long irregular street with a square green in the centre. Most of the cottages were low and thatched—the public-house was thatched, too, and I remember its pretty dormer windows—but there were four houses larger than the others, and supplied with cowsheds and stabling far beyond the needs of the occupants. These were, as a matter of fact, occupied by a horse-coper renowned at fairs, a lime and coal carter who kept four horses, the local carrier, and an individual who combined the avocations of small farmer and village tailor. All these houses are now pulled down, and the plough every spring passes over the land they stood on. They carry us backward, however, to the farming by yeomen that followed the breaking up of the manorial system. It is all I can do to remember the manor house, a thatched residence small beside the immense stables and kennels, but no doubt imposing enough and all sufficient for the purposes of the squire, who rode and hunted and was not above spending many an hour at the village tavern. All the buildings have been allowed to crumble and decay, and now houses and stables and walled gardens are disused and ruinous. These recollections, however, which must be shared by many people who have been brought up in the country, add a great deal of interest to books about the manorial system, of which there is a great library. In this, the latest volume of its kind, no fewer than twelve pages are occupied by the list of authorities; yet so many approach the subject from a purely legal



point of view that they do not afford much help towards the realisation of an English manor in the olden time. This book added to the list by Mr. Hone no one can call superfluous, and it is well illustrated. On page 42 there is the plan of a manor which would fit in well with that of which I have given some rude reminiscences. The village itself is a long street through which the highway goes. At one end is the mill, and, curiously enough, some old stonework said by tradition to be part of the old mill is still seen at the river-side in the position described. To the left of the village is the common pasture with the pinfold or pound in which stray beasts were imprisoned. North of that is the manor house, with the lord's demesne around it; and still further north is the waste field on one side of the highway and the north field on the other, with the waste of the manor lying around them. The plan of Burton Agnes before the enclosure of the



WOMEN MILKING EWES.

From the "Loutrel Psalter."



manor were a little uproarious in their moments of leisure. A number of them are fined because they have played a certain unlawful game called "le tables and cards." Two women are convicted of being common scolds. It is not said that they had to wear the branks. We read also the following curious story:

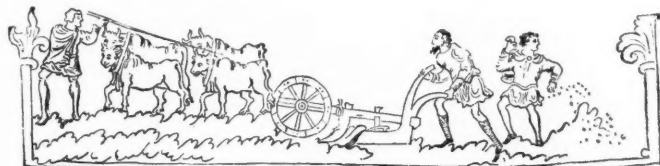
Also they present that Francis Hytchins hath used to walk nightly in the town of Gnosall and to rail and scold with the headboroughs of the same town sundry times, saying that he would break their heads, with divers other threatening words, as well against

the said headboroughs, as against divers others of the Queen's subjects inhabiting the said town of Gnosall, and that he the said Francis is a common drunkard, a disturber of the Queen's Majesty's peace, and a d'squiter of his neighbours to the evil and perilous example of others contrary to the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen. Wherefore the said Francis is amerced 3s. 4d.

At the same court Thomas Ellins is had up because "not having lands and tenements of the yearly value of 40s. he keeps a greyhound in Cotton End within the precinct and jurisdiction of this view of frankpledge, contrary to the form of the statute." We hear a great deal about breaking the Assize of Beer, the following being a typical example of that kind of offence:

Sir Steward, the bailiff Robert complaineth of William Tailor that, against the ordinance of the lord and his free assize, he hath broken the assize of beer in every brewing since Michaelmas till now, for the ordinance is that no brewer or breweress upon pain of forfeiture of half a mark shall brew beer whereof the gallon shall be sold at more than  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. between Michaelmas and All Saints, unless it be so good and approved, according to the discretion of the ale-tasters, that it may be conveniently sold at  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. without complaint, and the said William wrongfully, and in despite of the lord, and without the assay of the ale-taster hath sold beer that was flat ever since Michaelmas at  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. a gallon, to the great prejudice of the lord so that he hath incurred the forfeiture of  $\frac{1}{2}$  mark and damage to the amount of 6s. &c. And William, defendeth the suit and avers that he has not broken the assize as the bailiff saith.

Fa'r friend William, the court awarleth that thou be at law six-handed



EARLY ANGLO-SAXON PLOUGHING.

common fields is very much akin to this. After having, as it were, shown the geography of the ancient manor, the writer goes on to treat of the work and recreation that went on in it, in the course of which description he gives many curious items of information in regard to manorial customs. For instance, at Pennard, one of the manors of Glastonbury Abbey, a tenant could have as his "gest" or "revel" at Christmas "ten loaves, ten pieces of meat, five of pork and five of beef, and ten men as his guests drinking in the lord's hall." At Huntercombe in Oxford, where now the golfer disports himself on one of the most beautiful courses in England, it was the custom for the tenant to present his lord with "a loaf, half a gallon of ale, and a cock and hen; and then he, with his wife and another, dined with the lord." Occasionally the tenant found his merriment in a less legitimate manner, by raiding the fish-pond, for instance:

At Whitwell Manor in Norfolk, 1339, William de Middleton entered unlawfully and without licence the lord's manor, and with dogs and bow slew and put to flight the lord's pheasants, and fished the lord's water likewise, for which he is in mercy.

People of standing and title were not above taking a share in these illicit sports:

In the Durham Halmote Rolls (1378) Robt. Chauncellor, Sir John Carles, and William Powys, chaplains, are presented as common hunters, and as having taken hares in the field of Akeley,

and our author gives many other instances of a similar kind. We sometimes speak of the legislation of the present day being too grandmotherly, but it was much more so during the old feudal days. Just as to-day we try to encourage rifle-shooting, so in the time of Edward III. and his immediate successors, Parliament was most anxious that the citizen should amuse himself by practising archery. We are constantly coming upon cases in which the statutes against "le cards and le tables" were enforced, and the extracts from the Court Rolls are full of such cases. The offences brought up at the manorial courts are indeed of the most instructive kind. On April 28th in the twenty-seventh year of Elizabeth's reign we learn that

The tithing men of Gno sall present that George Barret hath made an affray on William Ashley with his fists against the Queen's peace: therefore in mercy 20d. William Ostrune of Plardwicke and Thomas Barnefield of Knightley have made an affray on each other &c. Therefore in mercy separately 20d. And William Lockett hath made an affray upon Thomasine Hall with a stick of no value. Therefore in mercy 20d.

These cases would seem to show that the tenants of the



A FIREPLACE, SEAT, AND TABLE.

From a MS. in the Bodleian Library.

[i.e. with five compurgators (himself making the sixth), who should testify on oath as to his innocence] to acquit thyself of the charge.

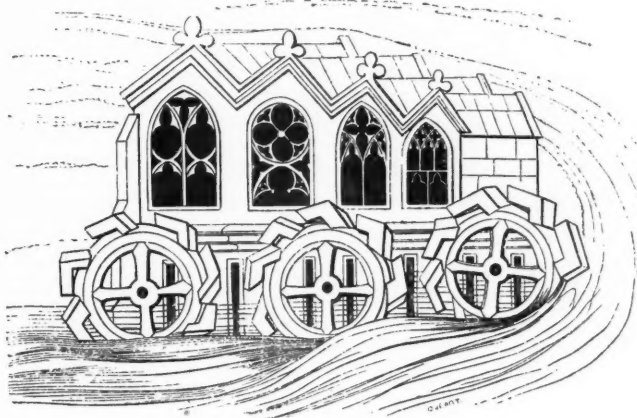
We should have liked to add something about the pound and estrays generally, but must content ourselves with quoting the following:

And they present that Bray the miller has taken excessive toll, therefore he is in mercy.

And they present a swarm of bees, value 9d. forthcoming of estrays about the feast of St. John Baptist last past, not claimed, but remaining to the lords. Therefore they are forfeited. And to the same [Court] comes Alice Strange and Thomas Bocher, and give to the lord for licence to brew from the feast of St. Michael last past to St. Michael next coming, as appears in the margin and over their names, 10d.

The tithing man of Kyngston comes into full court with his tithing, and gives of cert-money this day 20d., and a quarter of fine wheat, sold to John Newman for 16d. And that William Lord has brewed and broken the assize. Therefore he is mercy. And that all other things are well.

We could linger for a long while over the details given in



WATER MILL.

From the MS. of the "Romance of Alexander" in the Bodleian Library.

this delightful volume, and in trying to picture a state of things that has passed away, but for the rest we are afraid we must leave the reader to search for himself in the pages presented to him by Mr. Hone. It should be added that the illustrations are, as a rule, well-chosen and instructive, though a few here and there have the aspect of old friends.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

I HAVE somewhere heard or read a legend to the effect that round the great Cross of Ruthwell hovers a spirit, who, since the day when the Prince of Peace "tholed his passion," has sung to the accompaniment of the harping wind the spiritual history of man, and I regard it but as a different version of the *Zeitgeist*, concerning which Goethe and the Transcendentalist had much to say. Nathaniel Hawthorne clothed the idea in different words when he said that a poet was but the newspaper of his age. He meant that ideas were generated by the circumstances of the time, and none can lie so secluded but that they will be floated into his literary ear. This train of reflection was started by reading Maxwell Gray's new novel, *The Great Refusal* (John Long). It deals with the same theme as a brief realistic sketch which appeared in these pages a fortnight ago, under the title of "Silas Langray," viz., that revolt against the degrading luxury and fevered living which, in the opinion of many earnest thinkers, is threatening to cast Occidental civilisation back into Paganism. One was but a thumb-nail sketch and the other is a crowded canvas, but it is worthy of remark that two writers so remote from one another should be working at the same theme.

Before examining the merits of Maxwell Gray's study, it may be as well to point out a few defects. There is too much dallying at the start, dallying that neither succeeds in awakening the chord of interest nor in creating an atmosphere. The style is too florid and unrestrained. As an example of the luxuriance of the weeds allowed to flourish in this garden plot, take this extraordinary account of a stroke at golf:

The hand of many a gallant photographer quivered in the anguish of uncovering his camera at the right moment, and the breast of many heaved with fury as the head or shoulder of some heedless spectator wantonly invaded his foreground. The pulses of the intent crowd throbbed with often baffled expectation, as the eye of the great golfer measured the ground between the ball and the hole again and again, and he grasped his instrument with fierce and fell energy in both hands, first one way, then another, now another, now gently and deftly patting the turf immediately behind the ball, now, with glaring eye and bristling moustache, whirling the iron-shod club with an acrobatic twist of his whole body above his head and far behind him, with a force and determination so terrible as to strike cold fear into the hearts of the uninitiated bystanders, hitherto accustomed to hold such actions characteristic of cannibal islanders, ogres, and battle-axe men in armour; then, as if in the face of a duty beyond the power of mere humanity, sadly and slowly relaxing from this furious menace to a tamer and more peaceable attitude, till, from the rank of boomerang, battle-axe, or two-handed sword, the driving-iron sank to the level of a mere pacific umbrella, spade, or walking-stick, and the turf behind the ball was again gently, almost caressingly, patted by it. Then at last, in pity to bright eyes on the point of being suffused with tears of repressed emotion and manly breasts ready to burst with it, the great golfer suddenly and without the slightest warning, with a quick and complicated pirouette that threw him upon his other leg, whirled his club so fiercely and swiftly round that he seemed to smite his own shoulder with it, and in the rebound caught the ball clean in the centre with a quick crack that sent it singing in a fine arch to the long-envisioned hole. The crowd breathed; the last sun-ray vanished; and the great golfer sighed from the depths of a vast, immeasurable beatitude. He had not lived in vain.

Now what was the stroke that sent the ball "in a fine arch to the long-envisioned hole"? From the way in which the player "minted" at the ball, one might suppose it a drive, which the writer actually calls it, but when the shot was made we are told the game was won, and the player "walked off to the clubhouse," while "vociferous caddies, with niblick, brasseys, and putting-iron, illustrated their favourite golfer's style." Upon this comment is hopeless. Such a picture never could be drawn from actual acquaintance with the links. Yet an even more delicious absurdity is introduced into a chess simile. "The queen was castled pretty early in the game. Rather like a stalemate, wasn't it?" The chess-player who castled his queen and thought it stalemate might very well take his place beside the golfer who holed out with a "pirouette" that sent the ball "singing in a fine arch." It is a pity that work like this should be defaced by such ludicrous slips; but a grave fault is the writer's literary vice of fine writing. She springs terrific diction upon us at the most unexpected moments. Thus we learn that a week at Oxford was crowned by "a divine and unhealthy sweet tea at Bassett's rooms." Big Ben tolls the hour in this fashion: "Big Ben thundered out a sonorous ultimatum by his massive chimes, and the quivering air echoed back into quiet." People do not walk on the beach, but "by the shimmering surging sea," and so forth. All this spoils the effect of the sermon, for sermon this novel is, even though it be in the shape of a parable.

The rebel against modernity is not, like Silas Langray, a self-made man, but the son of one. We cannot help regretting that he was not built on stronger lines. Adrian Bassett, though credited with the muscles of an athlete, and the virtues of a saint, is, against his creator's will, no doubt, no man at all but an emotional and hysterical woman. After College he goes to a "settlement" in the East End, and straightway assumes that pathetic aspect which is dear to the heart of the feminine novelist. The brutality would have roused a masculine vigour to action, but it only made him "agitated till his voice broke in a sob," and he has a severe attack of fever. Evidently the writer's intention is that of the Tempter who took Our Saviour to the top of a high mountain. We see exhibited before him the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and also the sinful lusts of the flesh, while Mammon, speaking through the voice of his millionaire father, exclaims, "All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship them." Oxford, old in poetry and hoary in tradition, yet ever young and gay to the successive crowds who enter and quit its portals, yields only a happy memory. Less is to be said for the other haunts and pursuits of fashion. London with its Carlton dinners, St. Andrews with its golf, and Monte Carlo with its excitement are, in hunting language, drawn blank by this searcher after salvation. Nor are these the only objects of his great refusal. He has to give up a woman, too, one on whom his heart is set; beautiful and well-bred, loving him with might and passion. Only she thinks it Quixotic folly of him to refuse to bend the knee to Mammon. Whereupon our modern St. Francis passes into the wilderness of unskilled labour, where his experience may be gathered from the following account of an unpremeditated mutiny against his father:

"You think me an obstinate fool, Airedale," he said. "And perhaps you are right. But I cannot do otherwise—at present, at all events."

"There's Press work, there's political work, I don't suggest going back to your father's business, you and he can never pull together. Even I could help you to many a post. But while you live in this wretched way—without the bare decencies of life—thick of the deterioration that must result."

"That's the crux—there must be no deterioration."

"It's a form of pride. You want to do thoroughly what Tolstoi only does by halves."

"Is it pride? Has any good work ever been done without renunciation?"

"Renunciation has many forms. A man can renounce self-will and pride. He can also renounce obvious duties and so serve the devil. Medieval ascetics begged—personally or collectively; but they never herded with drunks in slums. They never worked for hire as labourers. What great man ever helped the world by becoming a day labourer?"

"Christ himself. He became a carpenter. And to everyone he called he said, 'Leave all and follow me.'"

Airedale looked long and thoughtfully into the great, soft, earnest, dark eyes before he said, with gentleness, almost tenderness, in his voice, as if to a child: "That instance is hardly parallel. And that poverty was decent—not abject—not sordid—not degrading. There was a home for thirty years—once there was a wedding feast, with much wine and many guests. And when the time came to deliver the message and accomplish the sacrifice, the workshop was abandoned and feasts at rich men's tables were not disdained. And those fishermen were called from their boats to be made fishers of men, that is, from body labour to mind labour."

"Almost thou persuadest me, dear Jim. But the years at Nazareth, though silent, were many and eloquent, most eloquent, most awe-inspiring, most comforting."

The end of his career is the foundation of a brotherhood, by what means the reader may find out, and the sailing away of the reformers "beyond the golden path of a never-setting sun." It would be untrue to call this book the work of an ardent, or even of a very deep, thinker. Even as a sermon it lacks breadth and detachment. The author has singled out certain dark blots in the civilisation of to-day; poisonous sores they are, and no one can tell to what they will lead. But she writes with the exaggeration of an advocate paid to keep his narrow gaze on one side of the issue only. The criticism might be illustrated by a reference to the tirades against the use of machines as exercising a stupefying influence on those who feed them. In what is said there is an element of truth, but as counterbalance we know that the artisan's opportunities for pleasure and self-improvement have been vastly increased. He has a shorter working day and far more holidays than his predecessors. The necessities and comforts of life are more accessible to him. He is better clothed and housed. However, this is beside the mark, because it is obvious that Maxwell Gray has only complicated the case by bringing in the labour question. In the revolt from luxury she had a theme which under more competent treatment might have yielded a masterpiece, and instead of the somewhat stale idea of brotherhood she might have found a fitting climax in the ancient truth: *Nella sua volentade è nostra pace*, or, as Wilhelm Meister puts it, *Here or nowhere is America*. More majestic still is the Bible saying adopted by Tolstoy, "The kingdom of God is within you." Yet inasmuch as Maxwell Gray has held the mirror up to her times, even though it be one of the mirrors that distort and exaggerate, and because her purpose is true and lofty, for this book a popular success may be predicted.





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THE BEECH WALK.

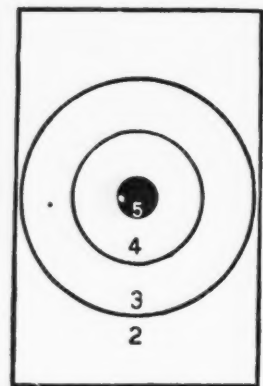
"COUNTRY LIFE."

## SHOOTING.

## GROUSE PROSPECTS.

**T**HERE is only one part of our islands in which the grouse season of last year was not a rather unusually good one, namely, Ireland. Everywhere else the bags were very good, and an even better stock, generally speaking, was left than the actual figures show. The present winter has gone very favourably for the birds. Just lately there has been some snow in most of the grouse country both of England and Scotland, but it has been almost everywhere snow falling with a high wind; and that never does so much harm to the grouse, or the deer either, as the snow that falls in a still air, for the wind blows the snow off the hillocks and ridges, where the heather should have been left longer than elsewhere, in order to give the birds shelter in precisely these conditions. It has been good weather, too, for heather burning (except locally in the West, where the rain has been rather constant) and for vermin killing and trapping, so all looks very hopeful for next year's sport, so far as it is possible to make any forecast with the shooting season so far away. There are fears that after such a mild winter there may be sharp frost in spring,

which is always severe on the young heather—the chief nutriment of the birds; but in a climate as capricious as ours it is not necessary to anticipate evil days till they show signs of coming. The Mackintosh writes, "I expect a great season this year, with any luck at the nesting time." He reports that up to the early days of February, at all events, all the ground about Moy and Strathdearn and Strathnairn was in first-rate order, and points out that a very large stock was left in consequence of the wildness of the birds in 1905. They were so wild that the "dogging" man could not get at them, and so early packed that the driving man did not take toll of them as he is able to when they remain for the normal time split up into their family

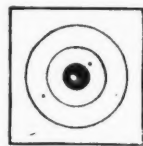


C.—TWO HUNDRED YARDS TARGET.

Showing correction of aim by wind-gauge.

coveys. The Mackintosh notes with peculiar satisfaction (and all who love the red grouse will read of it with equal satisfaction) the wonderful recuperative power that the grouse have shown in such places as the mountain parts of Strathdearn, which were badly swept by disease in 1903. There is now on this same ground a "very fine stock," and with a good season in 1906 there will be as many birds as ever there. It is an especially good sign when the birds go back, as they have done here, from the low ground to the high; the reverse move is always a bad sign. As for the Grouse Disease Commission, its labours seem to be more or less suspended for the moment, for the lack of diseased birds to examine; and the birds appear rather like the man with the toothache, who gets cured as soon as he rings the dentist's bell. So long as the Commission has this effect on the birds we have the best of reasons for blessing its labours—or their suspension. From Perthshire, Forfarshire, and the Lowlands the accounts are no less promising. "A capital stock left, and the winter so far has suited the ground well," is an account given by a Forfarshire correspondent which may fit all that country. "Given a spring without weather to damage the young heather," he adds, "and we should

have a very good season." Although a considerable amount of snow has lately fallen, it does not seem to have driven birds down to the cultivated ground much—so frequently a cause of leakage and loss of stock on the higher—because, as stated, the snow has generally fallen with a high wind, which carried it off the tops. In England and Wales the general condition of the grouse stock is no less satisfactory. Mr. R. Rimington-Wilson writes that at Broomhead "a good stock was left, and it appears to be in the healthiest condition." Writing from what is almost certainly the best moor in Wales, a correspondent says, "We left a very large stock at the end of last season, and should have a very big lot of birds if all goes well this spring"; and yet another writes, "If only we get a good breeding season there will be a great number of birds, as a very heavy stock was left."

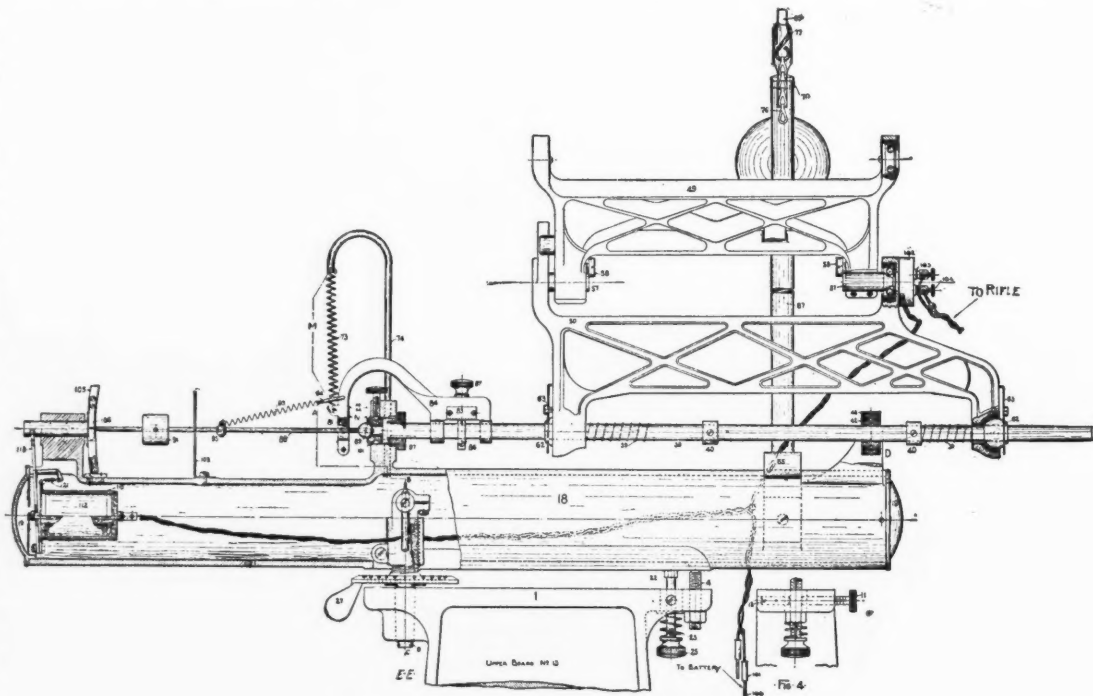


D.—FIVE HUNDRED YARDS TARGET.

Showing correction of aim by indicating needle.

On some of the Welsh moors, and also up the West Coast generally, there is a good deal of trouble with the increase of the bracken, which seems to be invading the country that ought to belong to the heather, over much of the wetter districts. It is possible to kill down bracken by repeatedly cutting it when the sap is running, till it bleeds to death; but when it extends to between 1,000 and 1,500 acres, as on at least one moor in Wales, the enterprise of attacking it successfully is evidently no light one. To cut it only twice yearly for several years in succession, which is, perhaps, the least work necessary to destroy it and check its advances, means much expense of labour, time, and money where the area is so large. It appears that in the West generally the weather has been so wet that they are a little behindhand with the heather burning; but the necessity of attention to this is so much better understood than was the case only a very few years ago, that the grouse country generally is in a far better condition in this respect than it has ever been before.

Although the bags of Irish grouse were not very heavy last season, this does not seem to imply that the birds were not plentiful, and the fact that relatively few were killed means, of course, more left for stock. Sir Douglas Brooke seems to sum up the general Irish situation fairly enough. Writing from Colebrooke, he says, of the season of 1905, "Grouse did well, but not, I think, quite as well as in 1904, coveys being smaller—caused, I think, by a late frost, which in many cases caught the first one to two eggs in a nest. Bags were, as a rule, small, as,



THE SUB-TARGET GUN MACHINE.

Sectional diagram of the apparatus.

owing to a very wet August, it was impossible to get near the birds, and there is very little driving about here. A big stock of birds was left, and as there was no snow to speak of they have not been driven off the hills, and have therefore not been



poached about the farmhouses. Given a fair breeding season, 1906 ought to be a really good year." The last sentence really sums up the situation for the whole of Great Britain in regard to its grouse population for the moment. All is looking very well. What the future may have in store for us in the shape of samples of weather we do not know, but if it treats us fairly well we may expect a grouse year better than the average.

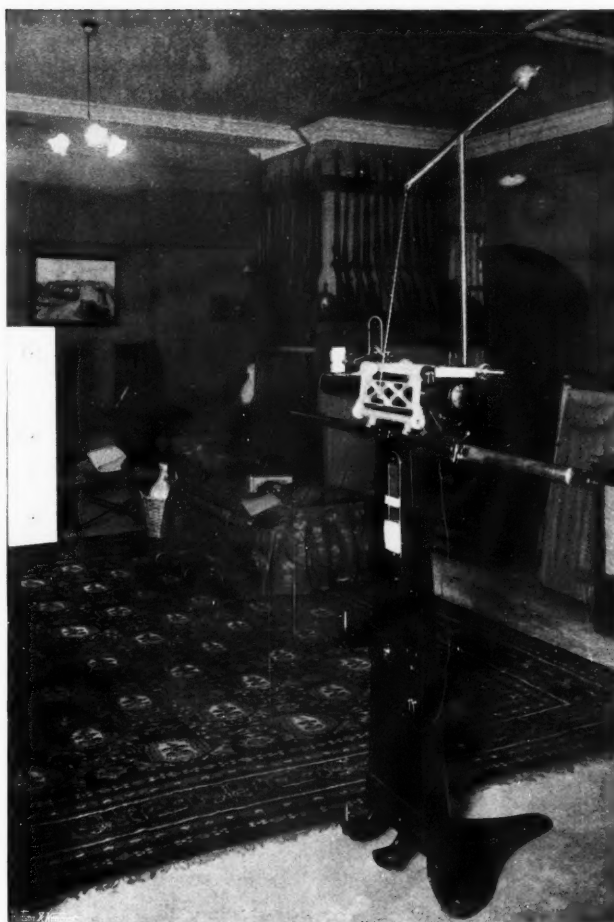
#### KILLING DOWN WOOD-PIGEONS.

SINCE the shooting season proper has come to an end, we have had the more leisure to consider the doings of creatures that are not within the game laws, and amongst them we find that the wood-pigeon has been not much less than a scourge in many parts. It was not a big acorn year, which furnishes the pigeon's usual motive for coming over from the Continent in very large numbers. It seems that the wood-pigeons have now formed a habit of coming over in great multitudes (certainly these hungry aliens are far more numerous than they used to be), irrespective of what kind of banquet Nature has spread for them in these islands. This year they had plenty of beech-mast, but the acorn crop was not heavy; neither were there many ivy berries, which they feed on very largely in the South and West. Consequently, they have fallen very heavily to work on the root crops. When they peck a hole in a root the damage is as great as if they ate the whole of it, for the wet gets in at the hole and sets up rot. Of course, the shooting tenant and his keeper can do something to keep down their numbers; but the farmer can do a great deal to help himself, and it is curious that he does not help himself more effectively, considering the outcry that he makes over ground game.

Far the most effective way of killing wood-pigeons—it is not sport—is to build a "hide" in the hedge of the field where the pigeons are feeding. Bait the field, within shot of the "hide," with peas for a day or two. Get some decoys, either wooden, in form of pigeons, or set out dead pigeons propped up with little sticks to look alive; or, best of all, but most troublesome, have the live decoys, *i.e.*, tame pigeons with braces crossing diagonally under their breasts and up each side of their wings, joining again over the back. From the join have a string running up to a little arrangement like a sign-post in miniature, about 2ft. high, and thence running to the "hide" in the hedge. When the gunner pulls the string it lifts the decoys to the height of the horizontal bar of the sign-post, and when he lets go the pigeon flutters down, and so attracts any cousin flying overhead. Pigeon-shooting as they flutter in and alight is not sport, but it is the best means of killing pigeons. It may go on most of a winter's day, and result in the death of very many; and instead of their eating the farmer out of house and home he may eat them. To be sure, a hundred or so, which is the utmost a man can expect to shoot in a day, may seem to bear a very small proportion to their multitudes; but if several farmers in a district are out killing hundreds for several days it must make a difference, besides, presumably, discouraging the survivors and making them "ready to quit." There is no cruelty in this to the live decoys. They should be made quite tame by frequently handling, so that the pulling up does not frighten them. The braces should be fastened where they cross under the breast.

#### THE SUB-TARGET GUN MACHINE.

The illustrations and explanations of the working of this machine which we publish this week will, it is hoped, be of material



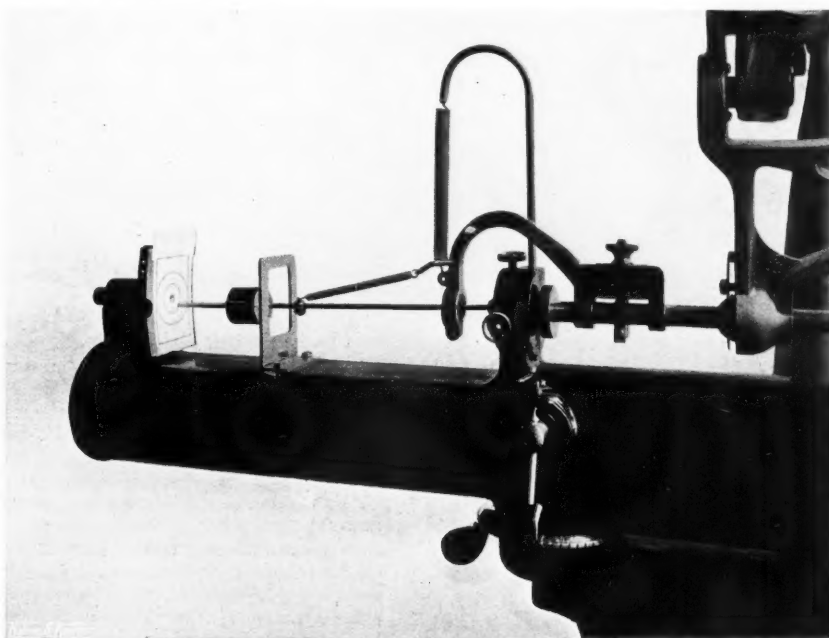
A.—THE MACHINE READY FOR USE.

Showing objective target in the background.

assistance in enabling the public to realise the important part which this apparatus is capable of playing in assisting to realise Lord Roberts's grand idea of a nation of riflemen. There are some details of mechanical principle and mathematical calculation which are, perhaps, outside the scope of these lines, but the main principles on which the machine works are as follows: The rifle is attached to the carrier (Nos. 49 and 50), by which every motion, however slight it may be, is communicated to the rod (38), and through the goose-neck (84) to the indicating needle (88). Facing the needle is a target-holder (105), which holds the sub-target (or small cardboard target, of which illustrations are given) at right angles to, and about 1-8in. from, the point of the needle. It may be as well to explain that the machine is not an electrical machine, as many people who have not seen it in working order imagine it to be. A slight current of electricity is used, but only for the purpose of pushing the target-holder against the needle at the moment of firing. The following is the mechanism by which this is accomplished: In the base of the machine are four simple dry-cell batteries, connected with the rifle by a wire in such a manner that when the trigger is pulled a short contact is made, and the current passed through a wire running through the head (18) to the magnet (112), which is so connected with the target-holder that, simultaneously with the passing of the current, which is, practically speaking, simultaneous with the pulling of the trigger, the target-holder darts forward against the point of the needle with sufficient force to puncture the sub-target at the exact point where a bullet would have struck the real or objective target under normal conditions. The whole of the

mechanism to which the rifle is attached is so counterbalanced by the weight (71) that the shooter receives no assistance whatever in raising or supporting his rifle, but has in his hands the actual free weight of his weapon. The various attachments and bearings which transmit the position and movements of the rifle to the rod (38), and thence through the goose-neck (84) to the indicating needle (88), are so beautifully constructed and so free from friction that there is no sensation of any restraint in the absolutely free manipulation of the rifle itself. Moreover, there is "no point of rest" at all; that is to say, that in no conceivable position can the shooter receive from the machine the slightest support or assistance in steadying the rifle while taking aim. By means of the gimbal rings (42) and (44), to which the rod (38) is connected, the rifle is capable of being freely moved in all directions; and every movement is accurately followed by the needle until the trigger is pulled and the little sub-target punctured. Neither the sub-target nor the indicating needle can be seen by the marksman, who must therefore find his own aim, elevation, etc., just as he would have to do in actual practice, but—and the point is one of the greatest importance

—as every error he may commit is at once recorded by the indicator, the instructor, who can follow all its motions on the sub-target, can not only tell the pupil that he is at fault, but can at once point out the remedy for the errors. To return to the mechanical details of the machine, the goose-neck balance-rod and spring (74 and 73) assist in preserving the accurate balance of the mechanism. The rear elevation screw (4), the rear side adjusting thumb-screw and the set-screw (11 and 12) serve for the lateral adjustment, and for fixing the elevation of the machine when it is being set up for use. Once made these adjustments require no alteration, unless either the target or the machine itself is moved. The elevation plate (27) enables the elevation to be quickly altered, so as to suit the requirements of marksmen



B.—SHOWING SUB-TARGET AND INDICATING NEEDLE.

accustomed to use a full sight or the reverse. A very interesting portion of the machine is the wind-gauge (34), the dials of which are graduated in points or force of windage, and in yards of elevation, coinciding with the sights of the rifle; by means of this gauge excellent practice in judging and making allowance for the force of a wind blowing across the range in either direction may be obtained, and individual error of eyesight detected and allowed for.

#### USE OF THE SUB-TARGET GUN MACHINE.

The rifle having been attached to the carrier (49 and 50), and the distant or objective target shown in Plate A set up at a distance of 200 yds., the head (18) of the machine is carefully adjusted, so that when the rifle is truly aimed at the objective target the indicating needle will point exactly at the

#### NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The rifle can be used in any position—as shown in Plate A it is ready for use in the standing position. It will be seen on looking at the picture that there are two unoccupied rests or attachments on the body of the machine. If the head of the apparatus is lifted off and placed upon the middle rest, the kneeling position can be adopted; or if fixed upon the lowest, the marksman can lie down and shoot from the prone position. It will be seen on looking at the objective target in the background that three targets are marked out at different heights, so as to be available for use in any of the three positions for firing. Plate B clearly shows the indicating needle pointing out on the sub-target that the shooter is aiming low and to the right; and the wind-gauge (34), with its projecting flange, and the elevation plate (27) just above it are also well brought out.

In Plate C a reproduction of a 200 yds. target is given. The shooter had not made sufficient allowance for a wind blowing across the range from right to left, and the black dot shows the result of his error; in his following shot the fault was corrected by means of the wind-gauge (34), and the white dot on the bullseye shows the value of the correction. Plate D, a 500 yds. target, shows three shots, the first a bad one high on the right, the next one low and a little to the left, and the third a "bull," after the exact amount of the error had been seen on the sub-target and pointed out by the instructor. The reference figures are to be found on the sectional illustration of the apparatus, and the targets reproduced are the actual size of those which are placed in the sub-target holder (105) on the head of the machine. We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs Wilkinson and Co., 27, Pall Mall, for the facilities placed at our disposal in securing the illustrations which accompany these notes.



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#### WEAVING CIRCLES IN THE AIR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

centre of the bullseye on the little sub-target. This having been done, rifle and machine are ready for use. The marksman places himself in his position for aiming, picks up the rifle from its position of rest (Plate A), and takes his aim at the target just as he would do on an ordinary range. The instructor watches the position of the indicating needle on the sub-target, and can instantly point out to the shooter errors of eyesight, tendency to cant the rifle, faulty elevation, inclination to flinch at the moment of firing, and the method of correcting one or any of these errors. Finally, there is a fraction of time—infinately small, but yet appreciable—between the pulling of the trigger and the departure of the bullet from the muzzle; the machine takes this into its calculations, and the sub-target is actually punctured by the needle at the exact moment when the bullet would leave the muzzle, and by this means an unfailing record of any fault in the pull-off is registered,

#### BIRDS AT SEA.

FEW sights are more suggestive of loneliness than is the appearance of birds at sea. Anyone who

has made a voyage on a passenger steamer must have noticed the lively interest evinced by all on board at the mere sight of some diver riding at one moment buoyantly on the top of the wave, at the next plunging beneath it, to emerge at perhaps a distance of 100 yds. How anxiously is the surface of the water scanned by those who are on deck for the purpose of ascertaining where the bird is once more going to cleave the surface. Probably few of them could explain why it is that their curiosity is so much aroused. In all likelihood the bird is quite a common one which has been seen many hundred times before, nor is there anything in its behaviour at all calculated to whet the ordinary curiosity. But, for one thing, in that waste of waters it looks so utterly homeless, quite different from the appearance the same bird would assume when seen among

a million others on a rock at nesting-time, or coasting along the edge of the sea whose white waves are breaking on the shore. The sea is ideally a desert place, and the appearance of any living thing on it, be it whale, or porpoise, or bird, however often it occurs, never fails to cause a certain amount of surprise. This applies even more to birds winging their way across the ocean than it does to such as are floating tranquilly in the hollow of the waves. If one were a poet it would seem so easy to write verses upon these wanderers, who, without sail or compass, manage to cross from point to point over the "great unharvested." The unexpectedness of their appearance gives an additional value to the picture which our photographer has been able to obtain of them. His dexterity



may be compared to that of the gunner. We hope that no sportsman under any circumstances would wantonly try to kill one of a flight of harmless seagulls; but supposing he did, it would be necessary for him to wait gun in hand for many hours before he got a chance of doing so. Nay, it might probably happen that the birds came within range at the very moment when he had relaxed his vigilance, and so was unable to fire at them. But how much finer and more delicate is the innocent art of the photographer. It would be impossible for him to spend all day on the ship's deck camera in hand ready to take the bird the moment it came within focus. Such a picture as we show must be from the very nature of the case something of a lucky accident. Even on land, when the photographer knows exactly the spot to which the birds come, and may have his apparatus in readiness for their arrival, it is no easy matter to catch the birds on the wing. To do so is always considered a noteworthy feat, the accomplishment of which has been facilitated by good fortune. But at sea the conditions are rendered much more difficult. There is at the start the rocking of the ship to be considered, which is more likely to spoil the aim of the photographer than that of the gunner. Then a man might make many voyages without any birds coming within proper range. They are in their actions as irresponsible as the wind which "bloweth where it listeth." When they do come the photographer has to act with the greatest quickness and decision. Only for a second or two will they be within his range, and during that time it is necessary for him to fix his camera so as to get them into the picture, and to take them with that rapidity which is the crowning virtue of the modern picture; but how successful our artist has been our readers are in a position to judge for themselves.

## LITERARY NOTES.

AS a means of enabling applied skill to overcome brute strength, Ju-Jitsu, or the system of wrestling cultivated in Japan, is probably without a rival. Taro Miyake and Yukio Tani are both well-known exponents of their national game, and the book entitled *The Game of Ju-Jitsu*, which they have now put before the public (Hazell, Watson, and Viney, 52, Long Acre), will be received with interest by a wide circle of readers. The principles of Ju-Jitsu consist in a knowledge of anatomy, a careful study of the balance of the body, and exceedingly accurate "timing" of movement. The object of the Ju-Jitsu player is to secure such a hold on his adversary that he must surrender, or take the risk of serious injury. Such positions are termed "locks," and are divided into three divisions—neck locks, arm locks, and leg locks. The authors wisely point out that the application of some of these locks requires a little care; some locks applied with a rough jerk might injure a limb before the signal of surrender could be made. The instructions for safe falling, throwing the adversary, ground work, holding down, and the application of the various locks are clear and explicit. The illustrations are beautifully executed, the type and paper alike are good, and the price of the book is 5s. net.

At a time when the subject of rifle-shooting is engaging so much of the public attention the appearance of such a book as *Practical Rifle Shooting*, by Walter Winans (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 24, Bedford Street, London, W.C.), is singularly opportune. Mr. Winans is so completely a master of the practical use of rifle and revolver that anything he has to say, or such advice as he may offer, on the use of these weapons is sure to be of interest to a considerable section of the public. We entirely agree with the author's opinion that practice at fixed targets at known distances will not enable a man to become a "practical" rifle shot, in the sense of being able to "stop a wild animal in rapid motion and charging or—for war is still the ultimate Court of Appeal—a charging man." The hints given on page 7 and the two or three following pages concerning the position of the back sight of the rifle, the position of the shooter, and the use of the sights are excellent. From personal experience we can thoroughly endorse the advice contained in the following passage on page 14: "Do not increase the speed at which you bring the rifle to the shoulder, but let all the saving in time be made after the weapon is raised, and not in the act of raising the rifle." This, by the way, is intended to apply to shooting at a moving object. Those pages which deal with artificial targets and the "running deer" throw no inconsiderable light upon the methods by which Mr. Winans has attained to such skill as a "practical" rifle shot, and the chapter devoted to "Deer-stalking" is worthy of attention, even from those who have had many opportunities for indulgence in what is perhaps the most exciting and most manly form of shooting to be obtained within the limits of these islands. The price of the book is 1s., and sportsmen will find few opportunities for a better investment of that sum of money.

Miss Beatrice Harraden made a distinct name for herself when some years ago she wrote "Ships that Pass in the Night," and her latest novel, *The Schoiar's Daughter* (Methuen), though not quite so fascinating as its predecessor, is still a pleasant and attractive piece of work. The plot is simple, and the action extends only over a few days, so that it belongs in character to the short story rather than to the novel. In matter it is "after Dickens." Not only the description, but the conversation of the dictionary maker and his two secretaries, might have come from the pen that gave us so many characters of a similar type; but the girl is Miss Harraden's own creation, and so is the happy Australian who wins her. However, the love story is subordinate to the reconciliation between a divorced wife and her husband, the climax at which the author consistently aims from the beginning of the book. Once or twice she seems to us to get just a little off the spot. We cannot think of Mr. Gulliver asking himself, "I wonder what colour she will be wearing, blue or grey. But anything suits her."

That is a feminine comment. A man would not notice it, at any rate, not a man who was a musty scholar.

Messrs. Charles Knight and Co., Limited, Publishers, 227-239, Tooley Street, S.E., have sent us a selection of their account books, scoring forms, club notices, scoring cards, and other publications designed especially for the use of golf clubs. Their catalogue is very complete, and proves how wide are the ramifications of detail in the organisation of a golf club. Messrs. Knight make a special feature in publishing for the use of clubs minute books, suggestion and complaint books, candidates' election books, registers of caddies, of handicaps, of visitors, and of temporary members, account books for the secretary and the treasurer, steward's cash book, handicap sheets, and large-type notices for hanging on the walls of the club-rooms. Of great utility is a weather-proof scoring card, which can be used by players in a downpour of soaking rain without any danger of the pencilled scores being handed to the secretary as if they had been chronicled in invisible ink. This is a distinct boon to all players, as well as to officials. The reprint of the St. Andrews Rules on a large card, for hanging on the wall, and carefully indexed, a similar card setting out in prominent type the "Etiquette of Golf," rapidly in danger of being forgotten, are also commendable features among these publications. There is also a register of members, which is so arranged as to last several years without the need for recopying the names, and a cash book arranged so that the various heads of expenditure can be easily analysed. All these features of Messrs. Knight's publications are designed to minimise trouble, to contribute to orderly methods of business arrangement, and to make reference easy and sure. Those objects have been successfully attained.

Mr. J. E. Harting is one of the most learned and accomplished writers on open-air subjects living at the moment. One would not remember him among the poetic devotees, as Izaak Walton or Richard Jefferies might be remembered, but he approximates much more closely to White of Selborne. He has the same fondness for sport and natural history, the same tincture of letters, the same nature that could on a rainy day find amusement among the books of the library just as much as at the covert-side, and his latest book, *Recreations of a Naturalist* (Fisher Unwin), illustrates the characteristics of the author. There is scarcely a chapter, we had almost said a page, in which some curious and out-of-the-way bit of information is not given. He walks across the marshes in May and produces a panorama of marsh birds, including the curlew, concerning which he gives the old distich:

"A curlew, be she white or black,  
Carries twelve pence on her back."

This refers, of course, to the market value of the bird, which was formerly much esteemed for the table. In his notes on the wheatear of the South Downs he gives a novel derivation of the name of that bird, which he thinks is analogous to redstart. We might instance a chapter on "Deer-leaps" as illustrating his out-of-the-way knowledge, and that called "A Wet Day on the Hill" as an example of his descriptive power, from which we extract the following reference to the eagle:

"But the eagle was there, too. High above all, and perched upon a lofty crag, he sat so still that he would have escaped notice altogether had he not given a vigorous shake of his wings to get rid of the falling snow just as our spy-glass was slowly sweeping the skyline. We sat down to have a longer look at him, and all we wished for was a better light. He was within range of a rifle, and for a moment we calculated the distance and speculated on the result of a shot. But the idea was at once dismissed as base. Eagles were too seldom seen to be treated in that fashion, and the pleasure of seeing one alive amid such wild surroundings far outweighed any satisfaction that could arise from contemplating his lifeless form. All that we thought of doing was to get as near as possible to him before he took wing. Nearer and nearer we approached, until at length the huge pinions were unfolded, and with two mighty flaps the great bird launched itself in the air and flew heavily out of sight."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MUSHROOMS AND TRUFFLE DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me why our mushrooms in the North Riding of Yorkshire are a failure? Is it because of the iron in the soil; and, if so, what would you recommend us to do to make them better? Also can you tell me if it is possible to get a truffle dog? We are told that there are many truffles in the North Riding, but no one seems to get any. How would you proceed? With thanks in advance, hoping to see an answer in COUNTRY LIFE, to which we are subscribers.—A. D.

[If our correspondent will send a sample of the soil and rather fuller information, we will do our best to answer her first question. The best way of obtaining a truffle dog would be to apply to some of the truffle-hunters in Winterslow, Wilts.—ED.]

### UNLUCKY VISIT OF A MAGPIE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should much like to hear through your paper if any of your readers have ever had anything happen similar to that which I describe below. On looking out of the window one day we saw one magpie quite tamely walking about on the drive. We had never seen it before. We went to the front door and gave it some meat, and it came right up to us, afterwards remaining on the drive a long time, and finally flying up to a tree close to a window, when a cat frightened it away shortly. The weather was quite mild at the time, so the bird could not have come into the town for food. It was a wild one, not escaped from captivity. One, of course, knows the old adage, "One for sorrow, two for joy," etc., and we have had exceedingly bad luck ever since seeing this magpie, great trouble and bothers in travelling, etc., with serious illness of two members of the family, followed by a death not long ago. I shall be curious to hear if anyone else has ever had anything similar happen, with the corresponding bad luck.—ONE WHO SAW THE BIRD.

[We insert this letter to show how tenacious of life these old superstitions are.—ED.]

## ONE-LEGGED TITS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Under "Wild Country Life" of January 20th mention was made of one-legged tits. It may be interesting to know that I have had here in my garden all the winter a blue tit, two blackbirds (hen and cock), and a thrush, all minus one leg. The adjoining fields are hired for shooting by a so-called "sportsman," who may be seen any morning, accompanied by a man to carry his gun, firing away no end of powder and shot, but seldom bringing down a bird. This may possibly account for the missing members.—W. DEACON, Essex.

## A COLLAPSIBLE DRINKING-HORN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The old drinking-horn, shown with such faithfulness in the accompanying photographs, was recently unearthed near the little village of Fittleworth, so charmingly situated among the heath wilds and fir woods which crown the Sussex uplands beyond the northern bank of the tiny river Rother. Its perfect preservation is a source of marvel; and it instances a most convenient modern principle, an absolutely unique example, of the collapsible cup, in its own decorative and useful substance.



CUP OPEN.

within piece which is the very virtue of its compactness and adaptability for the pocket. Certain courteous experts whom I have approached, while admitting the date difficult to determine, assign it to the accession of "Farmer George," in a phrase of some latitude—"about" 1760. Myself, however, I should incline to place it a full century earlier, since its form bears striking resemblance to the V-shaped "beakers" and Communion-cups of Tudor and Stuart times; a period when the lathe, responsible for its workmanship, was very much in evidence. The simple concentric circles, whose incised lines occur at intervals, in counts of three, together with the flat and narrow bands raised round the rim and on the foot, are exceedingly characteristic, being repeated upon an ink-horn in my possession, which likewise disparts, and is attributed to the year 1649, while similar discs, with a few encircling rings, suffice for decoration upon the dainty lozenge-boxes of to-day. Old Heywood in his quaintly worded "Philocothonista, or Drunkard

Horn is peculiarly subject to the variable qualities of contraction and expansion; so that any shrinkage consequent upon its immersion in hot water, or, *per contra*, any dilation which might ensue upon its cleansing in cold, must seriously affect the nice adjustment of the separate sections, and the all-important tautness and rigidity which constitutes its safeguard against leakage, or disruption. Indeed, Sir, its fluctuating and uncertain temperament might prove extremely tiresome were the old-world vessel in constant use; while its megrims and vagaries would militate much against that quick and ready shutting of piece

opened, dissected, or anatomised" (originally published in the reign of our first Charles) speaks of the mazers, "was-sell-bowles," court-dishes, black-jacks, bombards, etc., then in vogue, and continues: "We have, besides, cups made of hornes of beastes," etc. His book, be it said, was written when superstition, witchcraft, and alchemy reigned supreme throughout the length and breadth of our land; while yet horn was supposed to possess magical powers and to expel poison or other devil's brew as infallibly as the chalice of St. John the Evangelist, or the rare and costly "Venice glasses" then just introduced. Of the rich colouring and distinct beauty of pressed horn much were to be said did occasion offer; even in passing, perhaps, one may allude to the fine and artistic care bestowed upon it by Obriisset and others, while it vied in public favour with tortoise-shell, from which it may scarcely be distinguished.—E. H.



CUP CLOSED.

## INSTINCT OR REASON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following exploit of a dog I knew may possibly be accounted for by instinct, but it also entailed considerable reasoning powers. A black poodle was bought some years ago by a relation of mine from a man in Edinburgh. The dog was sent by train to London, and from the station to South Kensington in a cab. The day after his arrival the dog escaped from his new home. We knew his former owner had once lived in London, and telegraphed to Edinburgh for the address. The reply came back giving an address in Islington. We sent there the same day, and they said they remembered the dog perfectly well the year before, but that he had not turned up. The next day they sent to say the dog had arrived. He had taken forty-eight hours to get from South Kensington to Islington. Now how did that dog know when he arrived at South Kensington that he was in London at all, or within any reachable distance of his old home in Islington? One solution is that he did not know, and that he started from South Kensington with the idea of finding his home in Edinburgh, and in the course of his wanderings came upon a place he recognised, and from that place found his way to Islington. That is a roundabout way of getting at it, but the dog evidently took a roundabout course. A simpler solution is that he asked other dogs. But with our present imperfect knowledge of the working of dogs' minds we do not know for certain that this is possible. But I am certain that dogs can communicate their ideas to each other in some way.—C. DE LACY LACY.

## HOW TO MAKE A POND WATER-TIGHT.

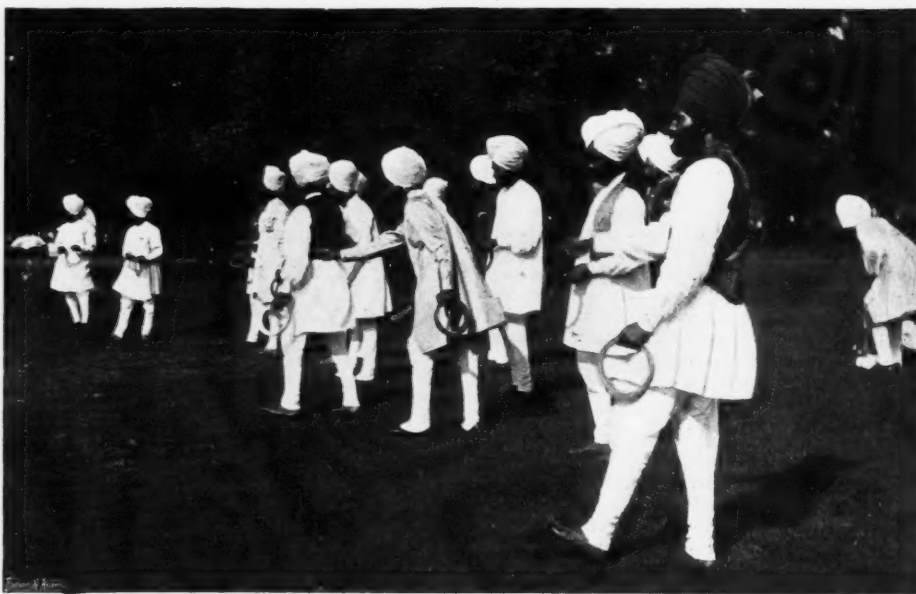
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you or any of your readers can give me advice as to making a pond water-tight. It is about 40yds. long, with sloping banks, and to cement it appears to cost a great deal, while puddling is said not to be a success.—CONSTANT READER.

## INDIAN QUOIT PLAYERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send herewith a photograph of quoit-playing Sikhs which I hope you



SIKHS AT PLAY.

will think sufficiently interesting to publish in COUNTRY LIFE. The Sikh has the reputation of being the finest quoit-player in the world. The iron ring, or "lohe kà chakkar," he uses is larger and thinner than the English quoit, and there is also marked dissimilarity in the manner in which it is thrown. With the Sikh, however, there is as much individuality in the method of delivery as there is, say, among our bowlers in the delivery of a cricket ball. Any of our readers who have seen the skill of the quoit-playing Sikh will be able to testify to his unerring eye.—C. M.